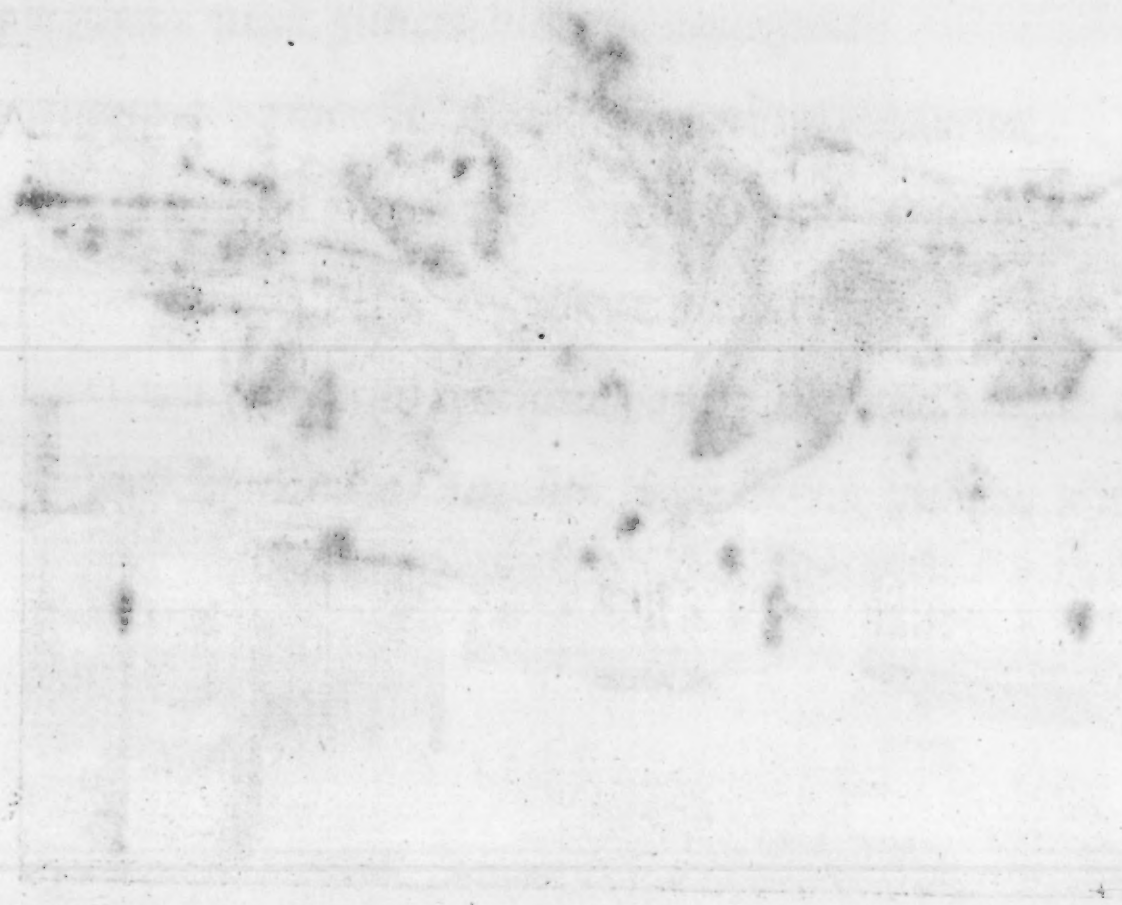
106 L 8 5

GRATULATIO
Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
IN
PACEM
AUGUSTISSIMI PRINCIPIS
GEORGII III.
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REGIS
AUSPICIIS
EUROPÆ FELICITER RESTITUTAM
ANNO M.DCC.LXIII.

CANTABRIGIÆ,
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDEBAT JOSEPHUS BENTHAM.
M.DCC.LXIII.



AD

REGEM.

TE, plauſus populique inter procerûmque triumphos,
En! iterum exultans Grantæ, tua turba, togatæ
Geſtit adire chorus: --- fas ſit ſua munera, Cæſar,
Ante tuos ſparſiſſe pedes, dant qualia Tempe
Muſcoſive Heliconis apex, frontique verendæ
Victrices inter laurus aptâſſe corollam,
Muſarum intextam manibus, frondentis olivæ.

Sat

Sat famæ belloque datum, non degener Hæres
Virtutis patriæ! tibi ſat fregiſſe feroces
Heſperiæ vires; tibi ſat vidiſſe ſuperbum
Nutantem ſolio Lodoïcum tendere palmas,
Creſſiacaſque acies Mindeni æquâſſe triumphis.

Jam majus te poſcit opus; jam te altera poſcit
Palma Ducem, totumque accendunt pectora pacis
Artes ingenuique Numæ ſapientia; — nexu
Perpetuo imperii molem ſtabilire, labantis
Juſtitiæ firmare manus, Pietatis honorem
Aſſerere antiquum, ſacroſque recludere fontes:
Hæ tibi ſunt artes exoptatique triumphi.

Et jam fallor an incipiunt meliore revolvi
Augurio menſes, rerumque benignior orbem
Inviſit lætum ſpecies! — non ampliùs arma
Quaſſat torva tuens funeſta, inamabile nomen,
Gradivus; non jam deturpant ſanguine campum
Semineces artus; non raptum amplexibus uxor
Ægra virum plorat, fruſtrà cœptoſque Hymenæos;
Non ultrà cœlum querulis orbata fatigat
Lamentis mater, durumque incuſat Olympum;
Non ultrà, centum ſtipata furoribus, arva
Expilat veſana fames; non undique præceps

Oc-

GRATULATIO.

Occurrit rabies, et plurima mortis imago:
Læta ſed arridet formoſo Gratia vultu,
Mollia ſecuro protendens otia mundo,
Exhilaratque agros turgenti copiâ cornu
Horrea congeſto tendens perrumpere fœtu.
Ultrà quid petimus? — maneant hæc munera genti
Inconcuſſa tuæ, Cæſar, florenſque triumphos
Anglia ſemper agat tales! — Sitque hæc TUA cura,
Cujus ab artifici præſtantem pollice duxit
Virtutis patriæ formam mens æmula GEORGÎ,
Suſtentare tuo longùm ſub Principe molem
Imperii vaſtam, populi invigilare Britanni
Fidus adhuc cuſtos ſplendori, quamque dediſti
Pacem orbi, nobis parili virtute tueri.

PETRUS STEPHANUS GODDARD, S.T.P.
Aulæ Clarenſis Magiſter,
et Academiæ Procancellarius.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

AD PACEM.

O REDUX ſalve Dea! queîs ab oris
Cunque veniſti, venis invocata
Omnium votis, referens anhelis
Otia terris:
Nam velut flores nimio gravatos
Imbre, cum terrâ jaceant, reductis
Sublevat Phœbus radiis, novoſque ac-
cendit odores;
Sic, diu pugnis laceros, ſereno
Recreas vultu populos, quietem
Rura per belli vacua, et quietis,
Munera fundens.
Diva, Te, circum glomerant ſolutis
Gratiæ zonis, citharæ nec auctor
Phœbus abſiſtit, ſequiturque pleno
Copia cornu:
Quin et infidi furias tyranni
Ulta Libertas, Tibi, condit enſem
Jure diſtrictum, Tibi, gratulantes
Porrigit ulnas:
Paſſibus junctis, pariter per agros
Ite, quos ferrum populavit; et vos
Copula extentum teneat per ævum
Neſcia rumpi:
Cæteris hoſpes, Britonum beatam
Inſulam, terras, Dea, præter omnes
Dilige, et noſtras tueare certus
Incola ſedes.

Honorabilis *Ricardus Fitzwilliam*, Aulæ S.S. Trinitatis,
Honoratiſſimi *Ricardi* Vice-Comitis *Fitzwilliam*
Filius natu maximus.

GRATULATIO.

I.

HENCE with thy furies, fire-ey'd God of war!
O ſtill the rattling of thy brazen car!
Wave o'er Europa's clime no more
Thy banners ſtain'd with human gore:
Fly, where no fields with yellow harveſts ſmil'd,
Where famiſh'd tygers roam the barren wild.

II.

O hour accurs'd, that gave thee birth!
With ſad preſage then ſigh'd the earth:
Diſcord impatient from her den
Burſt madd'ning 'mong the ſons of men.
Thy form the Sire of gods ſurvey'd;
"Yes; 'tis decreed: henceforth" he ſaid,
"When luſt of pow'r awakes dire deeds,
"When Juſtice groans, when Virtue bleeds,
"Riſe in thy wrath! go! lift thy rod!"
He ſaid, and paus'd, and gave the nod.

III.

Prompt at the call, whene'er her Hydra head
Vice rears, upſpringing from thine iron bed
Thou ruſheſt forth in robe of blood;
Around thee flock thy frantic brood;
Stern Deſolation walks the guilty land,
And cities vaniſh as ſhe waves her wand.

IV.

What ſudden ſplendors gild the ſcene? —
'Tis ſhe; I know her; Plenty's Queen,
Fair Peace: haſte, Goddeſs! 'mid the tides
Where Albion ſpreads her ſilv'ry ſides,
A Monarch calls: aſſert thy reign,
Bid nature wear her bloom again!

O!

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

O! may Ambition's guilty rage
Kings againſt kings no more engage!
No more be ſeen Pride, Strife, and Hate;
But Union bleſs each diſtant ſtate.

The Honourable *John Grey*, of Queen's College,
Third Son of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Stamford*.

HORRENDIS veluti ventis et turbine lætus,
Emiſſiſque furens undis, fluctuque frementi
Neptunus, miſeras contorquet vortice naves:
At ſimul ac triſtem genitor placaverit iram,
Æquora turbati mulcens ſpumantia ponti
Componit, ſtrepituque vago lenique recedens
Murmure, vix placidum ambiguo mare palpitat æſtu.
Sic quamvis ſpreti toties ſacra fœdera juris,
Gallorumque minæ, ſociæque injurâ gentis,
Juſtum indignantis Patriæ armavere furorem;
Sed tamen ut clade et repetito vulnere, pœnas
Acrior ultrices, et juſta piacula claſſis
Sumpſiſſet, triſti ſatiata Britannia bello,
Et lacerum miſerata orbem requieſcere juſſit,
Et longos placidâ ſancivit pace triumphos.
Dum plauſus Patriæ, et ferventia gaudia, Regem,
Expletæque preces, firmataque vota ſalutant,
An non læta piæ fautrix Academia turbæ
Accedat? tacito quæ Muſam cauſa receſſu
Gratior eliciat, votivaque munera laudis?
Nam licet exultans pleno fervore juventus,
Et toties placido arridens Victoria vultu,
Indomitumque animum, vegetoſque accenderit æſtus,

Non

GRATULATIO.

Non tamen ambitio Regem maleſuada furentem
Corripuit, ſtimulove tumentia corda fatigans,
Et rabiem et vetitos juſſit renovare tumultus.
Sed nunc compoſitis divina Scientia bellis,
Paullatim parili ſtudio, ſocioque labore
Conjungens, dulci firmabit fœdere gentes.
At tamen hìc proprias, hìc, læta Britannia, ſedes
Figet, ubi tanto licet aptum, maxime Princeps,
Imperio, rebuſque alacrem mens vivida finxit,
Innocuo blandæ ſtudio invigilare Camœnæ
Dignaris, cultaſque favens tutarier artes.
Deſcribat campos vivo pictura colore,
Quà rapidis ſpumans Laurentius intonat undis,
Aſt iterum exultare armis, et cæde videntur
Victrices turmæ, fuſique recedere Galli,
Signaque captivis fluitare Britannica muris.
At vos, queîs curæ feſſam inſtaurare cohortem,
Conſilioque animos leni firmare labantes,
Miranti Populo tantæ ſpectacula tradent
Virtutis, torvo minitantia marmora vultu.
Martia ſat, Princeps, decoravit fama juventam,
Te potius magnum agnoſcet Doctrina Patronum,
Libera Te ſacro commercia jure tuentem,
Et pace Auguſtum venerabitur Anglia Regem.

Honorabilis *Joannes Damer*, Coll. S. S. Trin.
Honoratiſſimi *Joſephi* Baronis de Milton
Filius natu maximus.

SIC Te, cui Britonum ſalus
Curæ eſt, lege precor non violabili
Servet perpetuam Deus;
Quæ nunc, auſpiciis Principis optimi,
Pax, optantibus advolans
Tempeſtiva redis; grataque gentibus
Præſtas, hoſpita, ferias.
Tecum tuta Quies adſit; et Otia
Non ignava, procul Metu:
Adſit Lætitia, et Carmen amabile;
Nec non blanda Salus comes;
Et tecum veniens Copia gratior
Cornu divite: dum Lares
Tranquillet placidos dehinc Amor, et Fides,
Et feſtiva Benignitas.
Cultarum quoque jam, Te reduce, Artium
Cura haud ſegnis: et, Ingenî
Mater, fundat opes aurea Fauſtitas.
Neu belli metuens Lyra
Ingrato jaceat muta ſilentio;
Sed magnis quoque Regibus
Æternet reſonans egregium decus.
Spirent Parrhaſii æmula
Expreſſa in tabulis ora fidelibus.
Vitam Phidiacus labor
Præſens marmoreæ reddere imagini,
Dignos laude vetet mori.
Nam ſe non alio rege ſuperbiùs
Jactent Artificum manus,
Quam qui Palladiis, deliciarum amans,
Mentem dotibus excolit;
Solertique adhibens præmia acumini,

Vires

GRATULATIO.

Vires elicit abditas.
  Nec blandæ comitem Pacis idoneam
Muſam negliget horridus ;
  Per quam ſpiritus et vita redit bonis.
Quæ tradet Patriæ Patrem
  Clarum poſtgenitis : quatenus impii
Martis compoſuit minas ;
  Bellantumque animos diſſociabiles
Jungens fœdere mutuo
  Dat Victor domitis Otia gentibus.
Salvete Hæc adeo hoſtium
  Extrema Spolia, O capta bonâ alite
Vexilla : huc agite huc, lare
  Mutato, Manilæ inſignia ſupplicis.
Sic, O ſic melius ſita,
  His nunc hoſpitibus credita ſedibus,
Hìc longum requieſcite.
  Nos non immemores (noſtri etenim) Ducis ;
Crebro et poſteri imaginem
  Laudis ſuſpicient. Mentibus æmulis
O quàm præteriti decus
  Ævi tum recolent ; milite cùm Tuo,
GEORGI, diſſita tangeres
  Orbis regna novi ; cumque domabilis
Sciret Cantaber, ultimos
  Indos non, niſi per Te, ſibi ſoſpites.

Joannes Sumner, S.T.P.
Collegii Regalis Præpoſitus.

CONCUSSA fauſto Marte propugnacula,
Arces labantes, perque totum cœruli
Regnum tyranni vi, repulſæ neſciâ,
Claſſes fugatæ, milliumque vincula
Induta manibus, et triumphi plurimi,
Quos Phœbus oriens, quoſque conſpexit cadens,
Nomen Britannis, non brevi delebile
Ævo, dederunt. Jamque Gradivo Patri
Torvæque Nemeſi, et cæde gaudenti Deæ
Sat immolatum eſt. Crebra jam perjuria,
Fidemque læſam victa luget Gallia,
Iberiæque faſtus indignans cadit.
Quin lætiore ſole ſplendeant dies;
Interque medias deſinat victorias
Plorare conjux fida, rapti percita
Damno mariti; deſinat tandem irritis
Patrem peremptum fletibus virgo inſequi,
Orbata jam tutore, qui greſſus regat
Vitæ futuræ varia per diſcrimina.
Hæc tam dolenda Martis infortunia
Dirique caſus arceantur; et procul
Faſtidioſa fugiat hinc victoria.
Et O! beati mitis Otii parens,
Solamen ægris, grata morituro ſalus,
Pax alma, tanta quæ mederi vulnera,
Genteſque vinclis fœderum componere
Dignare tandem; nulla te poſthac fames
Auri, aut honoris, nullus armorum furor
Poſſit beatis ſedibus detrudere.
Te dura Britonum leniente pectora,
Mollique permulcente defeſſos ſinu,

Fe-

GRATULATIO.

Felicitatis ſpes oborta maximæ
Genti huic videtur. Fama, quanta avidiſſimos
Satiare poſſit, laudibus Britaniæ
Faſtos replevit. Utriuſque mercibus
Naves onuſtas Indiæ felicibus
Ventis profundi Rector æquoris advehit.
Artes colendas, commodoque publico
Inſervientes, ſinguli pariunt dies.
Iſtis fruendi copiam nobis diu
Divina largiatur Indulgentia.
Et, integris ut efferamur gaudiis,
GEORGIO diu fruamur auſpice;
Et firma ſtet fortuna Regalis Domûs,
Stirpemque magnam ſera poſteritas colat.

R. Plumptre, S.T.P. Collegii Reginalis Præſes.

O Nemus! O liquido labentia murmura curſu!
Etonæ nemus, et Thameſinæ murmura ripæ:
Vos mihi jucundas voces, lætumque tuliſtis
Ingenui pœana chori; quo tempore ſacras
Doctrinæ ſedes, venerandaque mœnia viſit
GEORGIUS. Illi ingens priſcæ virtutis imago,
Et decus Henrici, manſuraque fama per ævum
Occurrit. Nunc Ille ſui ſplendore futuro
Imperii, et curis animum regalibus implet;
Et mores juvenum, et ſtudia, et naſcentia rerum
Lætus in exiguâ miratur ſemina mole.
Nunc, quos magna Parens olim ſubmiſit alumnos,

Inſignes pietate viros, qui dicere leges,
Qui Patriæ nôrant, Solii qui jura tueri,
Et quos æternæ commendat gratia Muſæ,
Scire juvat — Caſtris eadem, pulcherrima nutrix,
Illuſtres Heröum animas tulit, et bona bello
Pectora; et Angligenûm decus, et victricia GEORGÎ
Arma per attonitum latè circumtulit orbem.
Hunc Canadæ populi, et vallatæ rupibus arces
Victorem accipiunt: illum Germanica tollit,
Jam ſecura metu, jam bello libera pubes.
Heſperios alii fluctus, longèque ſonantis
Oceani ſprevere minas. Et te tua virtus,
Qui Martem ſtudiis Grantæ melioribus ornas,
Impulit extremos Aſiæ penetrare receſſus,
Ignotaſque aperire vias, ubi ſerior arma
Hiſpanus movet, et rabies tonat ultima belli.
Te ſupplex viridi cingit Luzonia lauro;
Et tibi Grantiades palmam, tua cura, ſorores
Ferre parant, pubeſque piis operata triumphis.
Vos quoque, defleti Juvenes, belloque caduci,
Quos externus habet humili procul aggere ceſpes,
Etonæ quondam noſtræ decus! ite, beato
Compoſiti fato: veſtrum Patria inclyta nomen
Mandabit faſtis, et non ingrata ſalutis
Uſque colet: lacrymas nobis luctumque dediſtis.
Heu Martem inviſum, et ſtudiis inimica quietis
Agmina! cur doctas famæ ſitis horrida mentes
Torquet, et irriguis Muſarum avertere certat
Fontibus? Ecquis, Io! rabiem pacare nefandam,
Europæ vindex, turbatique arbiter orbis,
Audeat? O! Tu, qui, Patriâ virtute decorus,

GRATULATIO.

Magnanimo qui dignus Avo, meliore Britannos
Sorte regis; Tu veſani ludibria belli,
Tu populos compone, et gentibus eripe peſtem.
Ipſa tuam interea, Britonum fidiſſime Princeps,
Poſcit opem Patria; et diuturno feſſa tumultu
Crudeles bellantûm iras et funera damnat:
Ipſa modum juſto quærit requiemque furori.
Nec Te pœniteat trepidam exaudire querelam
Europæ; tangique malis, quæ plurima gentes
Finitimas merſere. Tuis quoque gloria rebus
Quanta vides; qualem virtus tulit Anglica palmam.
Hinc Tibi odoratas, GEORGI, dabit India meſſes,
Quà Britonum fuſcos urget vicinia reges.
Inde leves Mauros et Atlantis littora proni,
Quà Nigir Heſperio præceps confunditur æſtu,
Noſtra premunt caſtella: atque omni navita ponto
Jumdudum hoſtiles vidit fugiſſe carinas.
Terra quoque, occiduis longè porrecta ſub oris,
Aerios ultrà montes fluvioſque rapaces,
Panditur: ecce! Tibi campo jam Gallus amœno
Ceſſit, et invitus nuper ſua regna reliquit.
Tu Canadæ munire oras, et inhoſpita quondam
Arva paras: Te, depoſitâ rudis incola fraude,
Armorum, GEORGI, pariter juriſque potentem
Accipiet, placidiſque trahet ſub legibus ævum.

Guilielm. Barford, A. M. Coll. Regal. Socius,
et Academiæ Orator.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

قال
ليوناردوس كفّيلو
في مرجوح السلام
من بعد الحرب سنين عوّم *

ألشهابون اخمدوا نيشًا
كان سناهم لأجيال سنًا *
ولكن سنًا آلزعق لأمّة
ألموات وكلّ هلكة *
تنظر آلنّياط وملكواتً
لأماكن أشخص برقاواتً *
أجناد ألمولي وألأميرون
لواءً وغاياتً يرشقون *
ألبناء خرابٍ دغْصانون
ذووا نفحٍ يباهوا سأيفون *
ءاذ أناسيّ شتّي ينقضون
في دماأت عكّ يلجّون *
ءاذ ءابدان أناسيّ أدواتٍ
أغْيار فيهم قلة حياتٍ *
ءاذ بسواقي دم ألمتّسع
يُلبس وسُلاطح ألواسع *
بين هذا قتالٍ فرحتنا
اذ نرأي ألزّوال حراباتنا *
يا سلام نصب ألخبابنا
نعبدك بجوٍي ألكبيرنا *
يا سلام حبّذا نضرتك
وحبذا نصرا ومغْناتك *
أمّتنا كألشّمس منْزلةً
وألرّبع كألفردوس مطْيبةً *

Leonardus Chappelow, S.T.B.
Linguæ Arabicæ Professor.

GRATULATIO.

ישמחו שמים תגל ארץ
יעלז שדה וכל אשר בו
ירננו כל עצי יער
כי השביח יהוה חרב שמה

המו גוים מטו ממל בוח
ונגאלה ברם אדמה
נתן בקולו האלהים
בחה שקטה כל הארץ

כתתו חרבותם לאתים
חניתותיהם למזמרות
הארץ תתן את יבולה
והגפן תתן את פריה

מה נאוו רגלי מבשר טוב
משמיע שלום כפלני מים
בציון כצל סלע כבד
להלך בארץ עיפה

אשריך ברכן אשריך
מי כמוך עם ברוך יהוה
אלהיך מכל העמים
אשר על פני האדמה

הן מלך מלככם לצדק
ואל שרי מגן בעדו
כבחו מרים ראשו אשר
כל צחיו הכניע הזחת תגליו

Guilielmus Diſney, A.M. Coll. S.S. Trinitatis Socius,
et Linguæ Hebrææ Profeſſor Regius.

Βουλόμενϑ γαίης τεθχοειδέϑ ὀμφαλὸν ἔυρειν,
Ἰσοληχεῖς ἀέλιος Ζεῦς ποτ' ἀφῆκε δύω.
Οἱ μὲν, ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων περάτων ἀφεθέντε, συνῆλθον
Δώματ' ὅπι Δελφῶν χρυσέα Φοίβϑ ἔχει.
Δελφῶν δ' ἦν πεδίον τὸ μεσομφάλιόν γ' ἐκαλεῖτο,
Ἀφνεῖον χρυσῷ, πᾶσιν ἀγαστὸν ἔδϑ.
Ἄλλαι μὲν πόλιες θνητῶν μάλ' ἐπιφθονέουσαι,
Σφωὶν ἐζηλοτύπουν κλεῖϑ ὅμοιον ἐλεῖν.
Ὡς μὲν Ἰουδαῖοι μεγαλοφρόνεον, Σολυμάων
Ἔν τε μέσῳ ἱερὴν τάνδ' ἐπίθεντο πόλιν.
Οὕτως Ἀκρόπολιν γῆς εἶναι πανβασίλειαν
Εὔχετ' Ἀθηναίων κυδάλιμον τὸ γένϑ.
Ἐν δὲ μέσῳ οἰκοῦντες ἔχειν ἔλπιζον ἅπαντες
Ἰσαῖον μέτρον ψύχεϑ ἰδὲ σθένος.
Ἔλπιζον κ' ὅλης γαίης Ἡγήτορες εἶναι,
Καὶ διέπειν ἰδίοις ἔθνεα πάντα νόμοις.
Ἀλλὰ Χρόνϑ τοῖσιν μὲν ἐνέκλασεν μένϑ ἠὺ
Πανδαμάτωρ, πάσας κ' διέλυσε πόλεις.
Ποῖον δὴ κῦδϑ σεφανοῖ σὲ Βρεταννία; νῆσϑ
Ἣ μὲν ἐν Ὠκεανῷ βάρβαρ ἐκεῖσο πάλαι.
Νῦν δὲ χθονὸς λιπαρῆς, κ' ἁλὸς δίης βασίλισσα,
Ἀγλαὸν ἐκλάμπεις ὕψι φέρουσα κάρη.
Σκῆπτρον ἔχεις βασίλειον ἀπ' ἀνολίης ἐπὶ δυσμῶν
Βορρῆς ἔνθα βρέμει ἔκατϑ, ἔνθα Νότϑ.
Πανταχόθεν νικῶσα ἐπιπρήνας Ἀνάκτας,
Κλείστ' ἰλάως τὰς πολέμοιο πύλας.
Δηθὰ δὲ κληίζοιντο, τέως σέο ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ ἄρξει
Ὃς Μούσας, Σοφίην, Εὐσεβίαν τε φιλεῖ.

GRATULATIO.

Τῷ μὲν Ἐλευθερείην, ἄμε]εγν Τῷ Πλῶτον ὀφέλλεις
Ἐιρήνλω ιερὴν, ϖʊλυ]ενές]ε Κερήτ⊙.
Μέλλεις ἦν Σὺ καλεῖσθαι ἀληθινὸς Ὀμφαλὸς ἄιης,
Ὀμφαλὸς ἧσ'' Ἀρχῆς Ἐμποριάς τε καλῆς.

Michael Lort, S.T.B. Coll. S.S. Trinitatis Socius,
et Græcæ Linguæ Profeſſor Regius.

EST, ubi triſti furiæ flagello
Patricidarum ſcelerata ſpectra
Neſciæ flecti cruciant, caverna
Hiſpida ſaxis:
Æſtuat circa Phlegethon rapaci
Igne; portentum cohibet nefandum
Carcer horrendis tenebris, et atro
Sulphure fumans:
Hìc nihil formam retinet; ſed abſque
Lege contendunt elementa rerum,
Hinc ruunt moles, aqua certat illinc,
Mixtaque flamma;
Cuncta ſtridenti rabie feruntur,
Dimicant Eurus, Zephyrus Notuſque
Et procelloſus Boreas; tremiſcunt
Antra fragore.
Clauſtra quum tendit reſerare Erinnys,
Flamma per totum geminatur orcum,
Tantalum ludunt propiora poma, et
Ocyor unda.

Mille

Mille ſerpentum ſinubus probroſi
Cingitur monſtri caput; huic ſiniſtrum
Dextero diſpar latus eſt; madeſcunt
membra cruore.
Jactitat crudis lacerare poſſe
Unguibus ſummi Patris altum Olympum,
Et domos Divûm, niſi cingerentur
Flumine Pacis.
Nuper in terras rabie cruentâ
Irruit, cædemque viris minata eſt,
Urbibus ſtrages, chaos ut rediret,
Regnaque noctis:
Quæ reduxiſſet; ſed ubi labantem
Machinam mundi Sator, et furores
Impiæ ſenſit, miſeris patronum
Miſit ab alto,
Ut, nigras quum Phœbus agit procellas
Imbrium et rauci tonitru feraces,
In mare ingenti trepidæ tumultu
Præcipitantur;
Sic tuus, GEORGI, recreavit orbem
Vultus, ut primum ſuperata Erinnys
Frenduit cœco religata in antro
Mille catenis.
Lauro in æternum, bone Dux, olivam
Junge, quâ doctæ foveantur artes,
Et polum merces ad utrumque tutus
Navita vectet.

B. Richardſon, Coll. Jeſ. Socius,
et Academiæ Procurator Senior.

GRATULATIO.

JAM ſatis terris necis, atque diri
Sanguinis Mavors tulit: et furente
Dexterâ multas populatus urbes
Terruit orbem.
Terruit Gallos, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Edvardi; ſua ſigna queſtos
Flore Regali clypeis micare
Picta Britannis.
Cantabri, Elizæ memores, cruentis
Cladibus finem prece ſupplicârunt:
Ne ſacras claſſes Thameſis teneret
Protenus omnes.
Vidimus terris ſpolia ex Eois
Hìc Jovis magni meliùs repôſta
Ædibus; Marti ſociis Camœnis
Agmine junctis.
Vidimus tetros populos duceſque,
Laſſa quâ ſiſtit rota ſolis, almæ
GEORGIUM flexis genibus petentes
Pacis olivam.
Annuit tandem precibus — per orbem
Conditur ferrum: ſiluere raucæ
Jam tubæ belli: ſaliuntque aperto
Carcere capti.
Sic Tibi multi, Pater, et beati
Sint dies. Sic Tu, placidâ fruaris
Pace quam humano generi dediſti,
Optime Princeps.

Samuel Peck, Coll. S. S. Trin. Socius,
et Academiæ Procurator Alter.

QUO te, diva, pedes, quò te procul avia noſtris
Paſſibus aura tulit, populos ut, Pace remotâ,
Dira miniſteria, et veſani funera Martis
Fœdarent? neque enim aërii juga Pyrenæi
Te nitidos ducente choros ſtrepuêre; nec alto
Flumine Volga rapax, aut turbidus audiit Iſter
Jucundos citharæ ſonitus, et amabile carmen.
Ipſa diu gratum deſiderat Anglia munus;
Et deſiderio tabeſcit, et impia damnat
Bella gemens: "Ideone meos per mille viarum,
Per maris, armorumque trahit diſcrimina cives
Laudis amor? tantâ quid ſi virtute catenis
Gens exuta meum tollit Germanica nomen?
Quid ſi regna, novos famâ cumulante triumphos
Occiduos ultra fines, et littus Eöum,
Me dominum agnoſcunt? at ſæva licentia ferri,
Sponſarum matrumque preces; at merſa ruinis
Oppida victorum doceant miteſcere ſenſus.
A noſtris procul inſanit furor impius oris:
Angligenis in Marte ſalus, experſque doloris
Parta quies: nec ſecuris illudere regnis
Auſit vis inimica, et ſævam ſpargere flammam.
Funere communi, communi clade dolemus.
Quos natura jubet, jubeas tu, maxime GEORGI,
Pace piâ finire odia, et Diſcordia pallens
Horrentes Erebi repetat, te vindice, ſedes".
Dixerat: ille ſuæ præcepta faceſſere lætus
Juſſa parat patriæ; quamvis Victoria mentem
Sollicitet Regi, et crebris aſſultibus alto
Gloria bellandi ſtimulos in pectore verſet:
Vincit amor Britonum, et dubii clementia lenis
Compeſcit motus animi; poſtquam omnis Ibero

GRATULATIO.

Vis cecidit, Gallorum et debellata poteſtas
Ante minax. Nunc et varias coaleſcere partes
Europæ videas, et amico fœdere reges
Finitimos tandem extincto requieſcere bello.
Illi, quanta ſuis miſeræ diſpendia pugnæ,
Quot flammis periêre arces, quot victor ademit
Oppida, mœrentes numerant: nec fidere rebus
Afflictis audent: at te, Pater inclyte, gentis
Angliacæ, ad curas ultrò tranſmittit honeſtas
Splendida Pax; miſeris nunquam violanda querelis.
Ecce alius, quo non patriæ jucundior ullus
Occiduo ſub ſole labor! Victoria gentes
Ecce tibi indomitas oſtendit, et inſcia legum
Pectora! dediſcet mores, te Rege, feroces
Incola, et horrentes dumosâ in valle tenebras.
Inde novos junget ſtabilis concordia cives:
Inde, ſuper pugnas, et tinctam ſanguine laurum
Tu fera civili compones pectora cultu
Æquus, et in mediâ numerabis Pace triumphos.
Hinc etiam Angliacas onerabit copia naves
Largior, undoſum quas per mare proſpera mittet
Aura; nec incertâ poſthac commercia gentes
Diſcent exercere fide: tu fœderis auctor
Perpetui, miſerâ ſolves formidine terras.

Brownlowe Cuſt, Coll. C.C.C. Socio-Commenſalis,
Honoratiſſimi *Joannis Cuſt* Baronetti, Comitiorum Rogatoris,
& Regi à Secretioribus Conſiliis, Filius unicus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

GALLORUM cecidêre manus; revireſcite lauri,
Ite per Angliacas, vicimus, ite comas.
Quis non diſperſos enſes, vexillaque campus
Spiculaque, et tumulos, noſtra tropæa, tenet?
Conſcius it Rhenus, Laurentî flumina teſtes
Vortice ad æquoreos lapſa minore ſinus.
Sed parcit victæ generoſa Britannia genti;
Suaſit honor Martem, fœdera ſuadet honor.
Hoſtiles dextræ coeunt in fœdera Pacis;
Aurea Pax belli triſte coercet opus.
Diſcedit, patriæque domos viſurus amatas
Miles ſollicito lumine caſtra legit.
Jam pugnas, veteresque agitantem mente triumphos,
Arripit, et totum bellicus ardor habet.
Jam cara occurit ſoboles, et carior uxor,
Hic famæ, hìc patriæ pectora vellit amor.
Ite piæ matres, redeunti occurite turbæ,
Ite hilares ſponſæ, virgineique chori:
Excipite amplexu, quas veſtræ cura ſalutis
Vindice ferventes induit enſe manus.
Ecce cicatrices pulchri monumenta laboris!
Splendent Angliaco non inhoneſta ſinu.
Curæ finis adeſt; bellorum effœta procellis
Jam licet in patrio ponere membra ſolo:
Sponſa comes, ſeniique manet prædulce levamen,
Ludit et ad patrios garrula turba pedes.
Cede decus, laus cede, placet ſecurior umbra,
Et veſpertinam fallere Pace diem.
Hìc pecudes circum ludunt, hìc brachia vitis
Falciferas poſcunt luxurioſa manus.
Nec pudeat Britonas: poſitis inſignibus olim
Imperii emeritus conſul arator erat.

Auſ-

GRATULATIO.

Auſpice te, cœlo reduces, Pax alma, Camœnæ,
Finibus Angliacis aurea regna tenent.
Surgit honos citharæ, molleſque inſpirat amores,
Deficiente tubâ, mollior aura lyræ;
Hìc vivit marmor, vis illìc mira coloris
Naturæ varium fingere geſtit opus.
Tempore creſcenti, procedite Palladis artes;
Tegmine vos patulo Pacis oliva fovet;
Incultum, Pax ſancta, doces molleſcere robur,
Et fera ſub facili corda movere jugo.
Naturæ reſeraſſe tibi vis tradita fontes,
Doctrinæque ſacras excoluiſſe vias.
Te duce candenti fulgens Clementia veſte,
Et Themis incedit, purpureuſque Pudor.
Alma diu maneas, placeant Mavorte fugato,
Angliaci ſoles, Angliacæque domus.

Robertus D'Arcy Hildyard, Aul. S. S. Trin.
Roberti Hildyard, Baronetti, Filius unicus.

AD REGEM.

DILECTA Muſis mœnia, et artium
Amica ſedes; vos requies mihi,
Vos dulce lenimen laborum
Septima quos cumulavit æſtas
Belli tumultus inter, et horridas
Furore gentes. Quanta procacium
Vis Barbarorum, lege ruptâ,
Exitium Canadæ ruenti

Olim minata eſt! quæ miſeris fuga
Indigna, quæ tum funera civibus,
Cum Gallus Indorum catervas
Imperii cupidus, cieret!
Sed magna virtus, et Britonum vigor,
Sed fata noſtro proſpera militi,
Molemque confuſamque GEORGÎ
Auſpiciis pepulêre turbam.
Te conſilî vim, Te, Patriæ Pater,
Præbente, montes inter inhoſpitos,
Sylvaſque fallaces in hoſtem
Impavidus tua miles arma,
Lætus laborum, protulit. Hìc mihi
Fluctu tumentes æquoreo lacus,
Hìc fluminum lapſus minaces
Angliaciſque habitanda quondam
Tempe colonis viſa: nec obſitas
Squalore ſedes viſere, et abſonos
Audire cantus Babarorum
Pœnituit. Tua, magne Princeps,
Non uſitatæ ſedula gloriæ,
Virtus remotos attigit Heſperi
Fines jacentis, quáque luce
Jungit equos oriente Phœbus.
Ergo inſolentem fracta licentiam
Rejecit icto Gallia fœdere;
Finemque lætatur pudendo
Cantaber impoſuiſſe bello.
Vexata fœdis ſeditionibus,
Te dante Pacem, maxima Teutonum
Tellus quieſcit, mutuique
Damna velit reparare Martis.

Te

GRATULATIO.

Te dante, tuto veſter in otio
Miles reſedit; ſæpe Britannici
Nomen recenſurus decuſque
Regis, et eximios triumphos:
Seu verna ruris prata perambulat,
Deſueta ſeu jam fila manu lyræ
Retractat impar, priſtinæque
Officium meditatur artis.

Barry St Leger, A.M.
Coll. Div. Petri Socius.

قال

صمويل هالّيفاك

في مرجوع السلام ✲

ملك جيورجيس اسجدوا له
جميع الامم هلّلوا له *
يا امم بايديكم صفّقوا
وبصوت الفرح قد اصخبوا *
في مدينة يكون الفرح
في الارض كلّ يكون الفرح *
الرّحمة والعدل تصادفان
العدل والسّلام تقابلان *
حروب من اقاصي الارض. نزلنا
عبرة وجوي بثّة حسنا *
ملك جيورجيس اسجدوا له
جميع الامم هلّلوا له ✲

Samuel Hallifax, A.M.
Aulæ S.S. Trinitatis Socius.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ.

Ὦ μέχρι τεῦ πρὸς Πιερικᾶν Χαρίτων ἀοιδοὶ
σιγήσοντι μελίφρονες; — ἀλλὰ λῇς τὺ ϗ ἄυθις,
ὦ ψυχὰ φίλη, ϗ νη-
μερτέα δὲ, ϗ μέιλιχον ἐφίμερον
κατ' ἀρετὴν ὀϊστὸν ἱέναι; — ἀλλὰ τὺ καλῶν
ἰδὲ σήμερον ἄρδιν
ἔχεις ἑτέρην ἐπὶ τόξων. — τίς, τίς ὅδε τᾶς Μνα-
μοσύνης (ὦ Πιερικαὶ, ἀκούετε,
παρθένοι;) τίς, τίς ὅδε τᾶς Μναμοσύνης ἄρασσε
θύρην; τίς ὅδε λιπαρῶ
κοῦφα τὸ πρόθυρον ὑμῖν ὑπερθορεῖ
ποδὶ νεανίας; — καθαρὴν ὃς
ἀτραπιτὸν τᾶς δίκης πατεῖ· εὐσεβεστά-
την ὃς ἀιδῶ ενὶ μειλί-
χοισι νωμᾶ μελεδήμασιν, ἀεὶ τοῖς
ἱκέτῃσιν ἀνοίξας, ἰδὲ πάντεσσι
δυστάνοις κληΐδα πόθυ. Καὶ οὗτος
Ποιμάν ἐστι Βρετανῶν, λαοσεβὴς, ἀμαχήτοις

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ.

πραΰς πολίταις, ὄζος Ἐλευθερίης· Τὺ δ', ὦνάξ,
ἐυάντησον ὁμηλικίᾳ, γέλευς περιγήθει
ἐυάντησον· ἡγήτωρ
ἔνθε μελέων, οἷα θεῖοι ἁρμόσον-
τι τέκτονες· τὺ δ' ἀρετῆς θεράποντα σόφον Μνα-
μοσύνην, συνετὴν δὲ
καλεῖς τύδε παρθένον, ὄμφα· νυνὶ δέ σοι ἐυαν-
θέα, νυνὶ στόλον ἀναβήσομαι,
ὦ φίλη πρόφασις ὕμνων· ϗ χάρις ἡμῖν

ἀναπνέῃ

ἀναπνέῃ ἄνεμος ἡ-
δυπνόας· σοφίᾳ ἐςὶ πάρεδρος ἀ-
ρετὴ, ἴδ' ἅμερον ποθορῶσα
σωφροσύνη παρθένον δὲ φιλεῦσα κλίνειν ἀ-
εὶ παρῄιδ' ἐπὶ κόλπου,
ἢ καλύπτρης ὑπὸ κάλλος ἀπὸ δὲ κρύ-
ψαι ἐφιμέροεν· τίνα δ' ἄγεις νῦν ἐ-
ταίρην, ὦ κάλλιςε νεανίας; τὰν
Ἐιράνην τὺδ' ἐμοὶ κουρότροφον, ὀλβοδοτείρην,

ΕΠΩΔΟΣ.

ὀρθόπολιν, Μώσαις ποθεινὸν, ἕκατι
σοφίης θάλος, ἕκατι τᾶς
Ἐλευθερίης· ἀλλ' ἐπίηρα γὰρ πάντεσσιν
ἀγαθοῖς ἔχει λέγειν θυμὸς ἀρτιεπὴς, ὅτι τὰν
Μωσάων οὐδέποτε παντόπταις ἐπὶ λήθαιον ἐρείσῃ
πτέρον ὕπνος ὄμμασιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρετᾷ
ποιπνύοντι χάριτες· ἀρετὴν οὔ ποτε γῆρας; οὔποτε λά
θη κατακοιμάσει.— Καὶ λυσιμελεῖ
Πιερικαὶ ἐν ἀοιδῇ
παρθένοι λύπας ἀγαθῶν ἠρέμα φιλεῦντι
κοιμίσαι. Μῶσα τᾶς
λῦρης θέσπιν μολπὰν ἀθύρει;— ὄαροι
θυμὸν κηλέοντι μείλιχοι. σιγῶντι πένθεος
ἆηται· χαρῇ ψυχὰ
κοῦφα ἀνίςαται, ὡς ἠῴοις
ἐνὶ φάεσιν ἐέρση. Μναμοσύνη
χθόνιον ἐπάνω θανόντων ἐνὶ τᾷ
ἀρετῇ κοῦφα πεσεῖν
κόνιν κελέυει· ἐνὶ καρ-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

δίης τῶν ὑςέρων πῦρ ἀέναον πόθȣ δὲ,
ϗ φιλοφροσύνης ἀναπνέει· ȣ̓ θνήσκοντι γὰρ
ἀγαθοὶ, ἀλλὰ τȣ̃ πατρὸς ἐνὶ κόλποισι θεȣ̃ κλίνοντι
τὰν ἀρετὴν, ἐλπίδος ἀδινῷ περὶ κώματι
θελγόμενοι. Ὡς θεῖόν ἐςι
τȣ̀ς ἀγανὼς ἀνέχειν θέμιςας, ὀρθοῖς δήνεσι
τηρεῖν πόλιν· Ὣς καλόν ἐςιν ἠελίȣ
σέλας· ἀλλὰ ϗ τεὸν, ὦ τᾶς
ἁμέρης ὀφθαλμὲ, θείῳ ȣ̓ τόσον ἄξιόν ἐςι
τέκτονι κάλλος, ὅσον ἐςὶ Βασιλεὺς πάρεδρον
ἀυτῷ τὰν σοφίαν, τὰν Ἐλευθερίαν
ἔχων, ἐνὶ δυσεμβάτοισι δίκης καθήμενος
ἀκρητηρίοις.—ἀλλὰ τȣ̃τό σοι, ϗ πάντεσσι
πρόφρων φημὶ Βρετανοῖς, ὅτι τᾶς δίκης
ἥττων ἐσσὶ, βασιλεύς· εἶπα συνετὴν
ἐλευθέροισιν ὄμφαν. Ὅςις ἄναξ ἐςὶ
δίκαιος, ȣ̃τος ὀαριςής
ἐςι Θεȣ̃. Σοὶ δὲ, Βασιλεῦ, ὑμῖν,
πολῖται, ὁ τῶν πατέρων ὑμῖν Θεὸς ὑπὲρ
ἀρετῆς δοίη, ὑπὲρ σοφίης ἐνὶ χάριτι
τρέχειν, ἐνὶ δίκῃ, ἐνὶ δ' Ἐλευθερίᾳ.

Georgius Hardinge, Coll. S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

SALVE, Diva redux — longo poſt tempore tandem
Expectata venis, lætamque oſtendis olivam:
Sive in Hyperboreum mundi latus exul, ubi omnis
Terra gelu conſtricta, æternaque frigora naves
Hoſtiles prohibent, atque arma minantia rident:
Seu procul occiduas ubi decolor Indus ad undas,
Agmina cervorum fugientia transfodit arcu,
Aut placidè recubans fuſcos meditatur amores:
Dum gravis Æuropæ ſubiens Diſcordia fines,
Miſcebat bello gentes, haſtamque cruentam
Concutiens Mavors, vicina per oppida latè
Exitio populos dabat, iratuſque nefandum
Supplicium miſerâ ſumebat ab ambitione: —
Salve iterum, Pax alma, tuos viſura Britannos.
Nos quoque præcipuè, Grantæ pia rura tenentes,
Te Muſis charam, et ſtudiorum dulce levamen,
Gaudemus reducem; et jam nunc ſentire videmur
Noſtram urbem famâ longè exuperare, vetuſtas
Quicquid, Roma, tibi, aut ſacris conceſſit Athenis.
— Aſpice, mutatis ridet Germania rebus:
Paſtor oves ſtabulis cogit, lætuſque colonus
Spicula demittens manibus, feſtinat aratro
Jungere equos, et ubi Rhenus modo mœſta videbat
Funera, mox denſis flaveſcet campus ariſtis.
— Larga manus Canadam quærit, campoſque patentes
Militibus vacuos, rapidas ubi magnus Ohio
Volvit aquas, ſedeſque beato in limine ponit:
Mœnia deſignat, quæ proxima ſêcla videbunt
Florentes urbes, creſcit novus orbis ubique
Divitiis numeroque virûm, ſimul altera ſurgit
Maternæ laudes imitata Britannia gentis.

Ipſe

Ipſe domum repetens, longi diſcrimina belli
Emenſus Miles, nudato pectore monſtrat
Adverſos ictus; juvat enarrare labores
Angliacæ pubis, quam famæ nobilis ardor
Mille per ambages in ſumma pericula miſit
Certatim, et fuſo pereuntes agmine Gallos.—
O, qui Brunſvicio demiſſus ſanguine, miti
Angligenos regis imperio, tua tempora nunquam
Vexet Martis amor, neque dulcia fœdera rumpat!
Ediſcant alii mortalia pectora diris
Inflammare odiis, et bella movere Tyranni;
Per ſtrictas acies, per denſa cadavera, magni
Nominis, heu miſeri! properent ſibi ſumere famam;
Sat tibi bellorum.—te Rege, Britannia niſus
Inſignes edocta, novos ex hoſte triumphos
Egit, et omne tuum diffundet nomen in ævum.
Te, decus et regni columen commercia poſcunt
Vindicem, et ingenuæ quæ proſint civibus artes,
Molleſcant animos, virtute et moribus ornent:
Tu magnos inſiſte gradus, quo gloria verum
Pandit iter, populique ſalus, digniſſima Regum
Dona vocant, dum ſancta tuos partita labores,
Veſter amor, ſceptri levet ardua munera Conjux,
Progeniem Regum CAROLETTA datura Britannis.

Thomas Deriſley, Coll. Regin. Socius.

GRATULATIO.

TIS falſe: not all the gay parade of power,
Not Pleaſure, ſlumb'ring in the chequer'd ſhade,
Not India's treaſures, not the wreath of fame
Can happineſs beſtow. Contentment loves
With Anchorite to dwell, in moſs-grown cave
Thoughtful, or round the peaſant's turf-built cot
Her hallow'd gifts to ſhower. With cheerful toil,
Each common-letter'd day, their cuſtom'd task
The village ſwains renew. The feſtive morn,
That beams on Albion's ſons the dawn of peace,
To happier ſcene invites. On every front
Joy ſparkles, whilſt along the graſs-green plain
They wing the ſportive ball, or nerv'd with ſtrength
Throw the broad diſcus. 'Midſt the rural throng
Menalcas glows, in pride of youthful bloom
Exulting. Him Compulſion's ruthleſs ſons,
Deteſted crew! with ſavage hand had ſeiz'd,
Snatch'd from domeſtic bliſs to ſcenes of war
And bloody deſolation. Albion's coaſts
Retire: Germania, in thy widow'd plains
He hears the martial trump: before his eye
A thouſand horrors float, the banner gay,
The ſteel-clad pike, the musket big with death.
Mean-while his manly boſom heaves with pangs
Of deep-felt anguiſh. Now his conſort chaſte,
His aged parent, and the prattling babe
That on his lips had oft attentive hung,
Embitter harſh reflection: memory bids
The tear to flow. Yet ſoon his country's cauſe
Rouſes his native fire, and blunts the edge
Of injury ſuſtained. Bold and brave
He fights fair Freedom's battles: Conqueſt waits

To fleſh his ſword in ſlaughter, waving high
Her crimſon banners: reſolution arms
His generous ſoul, or Granby marks the way
That leads to glory, or the eagle eye
Of Ferdinand its awful terrors round
Scatters. — As 'midſt the tempeſt's hideous rage,
When Boreas, bluſt'ring from his native north,
Shakes the broad back of Atlas, o'er the deep
Throwing the veil of darkneſs, ſome kind power
Haply with unexpected calm may ſmooth
The ruffled Ocean — thus Britannia's King
Bids the rough horrors of relentleſs war
To ceaſe. Bellona ſheaths her reeking ſword,
On pointleſs ſpear reclin'd. Ambition pale
Hides her accurſed head: in ſweet repoſe
Peace wraps the trembling nations: tranſport warms
Each patriot; whilſt the wearied ſoldier glows
Panting for quiet, in the bliſsful ſhade
Of ſweet tranquility. O view him far
From horror's blood-ſtain'd field, in homely ſhed
Eating the bread of toil. Ingenuous youth,
The artleſs Muſe ſhall ſing thee, happier far
Than tradeful merchant, o'er his hoarded gold
Brooding, or poet rapt in fancy's dream,
Or babbling orator, whoſe ſugar'd ſpeech
In many a meaſur'd period flows diffuſe.
What joy to wind along the pebbled ſhore,
Safe from the wreck! O may the heart-felt ſweets
Of mild remembrance lull thee! what avails
The trophy'd pomp of fame, if tears of woe
Flow from the helpleſs Orphan? nobler toils
Incite thee, now with jocund ſtep to wheel

GRATULATIO.

The rattling car, now in the lowing vale
To tend the ſcatter'd herds. May year on year
New bleſſings pour around thee, quaffing gay
The hallow'd cup of Liberty and Peace!
  Thus, when old Janus clos'd his brazen folds
Of horrid war, in ſome ſequeſter'd nook
The hardy vet'ran, ſilver'd o'er with age,
Trode the calm path of undiſſembling life,
Or on the banks of Tiber, or beneath
The walls of Sinueſſa: There he toil'd
Turning th' allotted glebe, or meaſuring out
His furrow'd acre, earn'd with many a wound.
Oft as he lay on graſſy couch reclin'd,
Imagination painted to his view
Paſt ſcenes of proweſs; battles bravely won
O'er Afric's tawny race; his ſun-beat front
With mural chaplet twin'd. Now ſeems the trump
It's lordly ſwell to breathe: the clarion loud
Burſting, with tremor ſtrikes each flutt'ring nerve:
Now o'er the field the generous heroes ruſh,
The ſouls of many wars: thro' every vein
Ambition thrills: the old man ſighs for arms
With more than youthful ardor. Soon cool thought
With eye deliberate kens the toils of war,
And damps his martial ſpirit. Round his board
Thronging, the pledges of connubial love
Catch his fond tale: ſome future hero burns,
Anticipating fame, to graſp the ſhield,
To trace his father's virtues, and to fight
The ſacred cauſe of Liberty and Rome.

T. Zouch, B. A. Fellow of Trinity College.

Ὄρκε᾽ ἐγὼ συγερὴν Πολέμῳ κακὰ μηχανόωντι·
Ἔργον θρηνήσαιμι· Σὺ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτερον ἦδη
Ὕμνον, Μῶσα, φέρεις, ὡς Εἰρήνην παρέδωκε
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης Ἄγλοις, ἧς κήδεται ἠδ᾽ ἐλεαίρει.
Ἡμὲν ἄφαρ καλέβησεν ἀπ᾽ Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων,
Βόστρυχον ἀμπλέξασα καλῆς φύλλοισιν ἐλαίας,
Πᾶσιν ἐπιχθόνιοις χάρμη, καμάτων τ᾽ ἐπίλησις.
Ὣς δὲ ποσὶν μεγαθύμων υἱέας Ἀγλαΐης·
Κέκλυτέ μευ, ἥρωες ἀγακλυτοὶ, ἀγλαότιμοι,
Ζεύς με Παλὴς καλέσσεμψε κακῶν καμάτων τ᾽ ἐπίλησιν.
Τηλόθ᾽ ἐς ἀλλοδαπὴν ἦδη φύγεν Οὖλιος Ἄρης,
Οὐδ᾽ ἀπονοσήσει λόγχαις φονίαισιν ἔνοπλος·
Αὐλὰς ἐγὼ, δεινῆς ἔεδλος πολέμοιό τ᾽ ἀϋτὴν
Παυσαμένη, λαῷ ἔν ἐλευθέρῳ ἐμβασιλεύσω.
Ὣς ἔφατ· Οἱ δὲ θεᾶς μύθῳ πείθησαν ἅπαντες
Τεύχεά τ᾽ ἐξεδύοντο· φρένας γὰρ ὑπέλλαβε Τέρψις.
Τῷ δ᾽ Ἄρης ἠὲ Δειμὸς ἀπὸ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
Ἤλασαν ἆψ ἵππους, Διὸς εὐρυμέδοντος ἐφέλμαις.
Ἅιθ᾽ ὄφελον Βρετόνεσσι πολὺν χρόνον ἐμβασιλεύοις,
Λησμοσύνην τε κακῶν ἠδ᾽ ὄλβια πάντα διδοῖο,
Εἰρήνη πολύδωρε· περιπλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν
Μή τις Ἐνυάλιον, Πόλεμόν θ᾽ εὕδοντ᾽ ἀναγείρῃ.

Matthæus Thomas, Coll. Chriſt. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

JAM tandem fragor armorum, Martiſque tremendi
Murmura rauca ſilent; jam tandem bellicus enſis
Frangitur, inque alios renovatur mitior uſus.
Stat nulla in campis acies, nec, ut horrida tygris
Auribus arrectis dum prædam expectat inermem,
Inſidiaſque doloſque parans, latet amplius hoſtis
Hinc illinc gravidis armato milite ſylvis.
Sed Pax læta viget circùm, feſſumque periclis
Uxor habet ſponſum, gratiſque amplectitur ulnis.
Nunc iterum ſolitos agros, aſſuetaque rura
Ruſtica gens, Martis poſito terrore, reviſit.
Rurſus et impulſo revireſcere cœpit aratro
Pingue ſolum, cultæque redit ſua gratia terræ.
At quà Rhenus aquas ſinuoſo gurgite volvit,
Et rapidus Viſurgis, et errans fluctibus Albis,
Undique viſendi ſtudio juveneſque ſeneſque
Virgineumque agmen coëunt, quos limite nondum
Amplius anguſto circumſita caſtra coercent;
Mirantur vaſtas, belli remoramina, foſſas,
Everſaſque domos, expulſaque mœnia flammis,
Et toties rapidos humano ſanguine fluctus.
Sed tantas fari cædes, veteremque dolorem
Muſa novare vetat; belli nec inire tumultus
Hoſtiles juvat, et fœdari ſanguine carmen:
Gratari reduces liceat mihi Pacis honores.
Tu, Pax alma, doces mirâ meditarier aptos
Arte pedes vatem, numeroſque intendere nervis.
Nam tibi ſolliciti, fidiſſima turba, poetæ
Carmina deducunt, percuſſi corda tuâ vi.
Terra tibi tractuſque maris cœlumque renidet,
Quique ſibi infeſtum metuebat navita pontum

Claſſibus adverſis, pelagus jam nactus apertum,
Non niſi ventorum fluctuſque pericula curat.
Et qui ſemianimis languentia membra trahebat
Miles, ad optatos nativi luminis hauſtus
Suſpicit, atque animam fugientem ex artubus ægris
Pace redonatus patriæ vitæque, receptat.
Nunc quoque ſpes iterum longo poſt tempore meſſis
Agricolæ rediit, conſuetaque cura peculî.
At Tu, quem meritò Regemque Patremque vocamus,
Quique pius cædes, et noxia bella peroſus,
Hoſtiles animos ſociali fœdere nectis,
Lux Britonum mundique ſalus! tua munera firma,
Auſpiciiſque tuis ſileant confecta per orbem
Prælia, et æternum Diſcordia ſentiat ictum.

Brackley Kennet, A.B. C.C.C.

I.

FAR hence be all the pomp of war,
Be Diſcord, hideous monſter, far;
For they have rag'd too long.
At length is huſh'd the din of arms,
And Peace's ſofter, lovelier charms
Demand the grateful ſong.

II.

Tho' crimſon Conqueſt's richeſt meed,
That bade full many a hero bleed,
Adorn thy Cæſar's brow;

Yet

GRATULATIO.

Yet, Albion, welcome to thy land
Fair Peace's olive-ſcepter'd hand,
Whence richer bleſſings flow.

III.

Yes! welcome that auſpicious hour,
Which late beheld each hoſtile power
In friendly league combin'd;
Which wip'd the orphan's tearful eye,
Suppreſs'd the widow's mournful ſigh,
And chear'd her drooping mind.

IV.

The warrior quits the martial ſtrife,
And eyes with joy his darling wife,
Whom mutual tranſport burns:
He tells her many a feat of war,
He ſhews her many a ghaſtly ſcar;
She ſmiles and ſtarts by turns.

V.

His little ſon ſits by his ſide,
And liſt'ning learns with conſcious pride
To liſp his father's fame:
Oft as he tells the dreadful tale,
Brisk Laughter now, now Horror pale
Creeps thro' his vital frame.

VI.

But not to Albion's ſons alone
The golden fruits of Peace are known;
She ſmiles on other climes:
Where Granby fought, whilſt hundreds fell,
Securely now the ſwain may dwell,
And bleſs the happier times.

VII.

Yet all the bleſſings Peace beſtows
To Albion's Monarch Europe owes:
O Monarch great and good!
'Twas thine to check fell Slaughter's hand,
For ah! full long a Chriſtian land
Had bluſh'd with Chriſtian blood.

VIII.

Thy Mercy (virtue moſt divine!)
Shall hence with ſpotleſs luſtre ſhine,
Thy glory hence improve:
For thoſe, who trembled at thy name,
Shall hence admire thy milder fame,
And change their fear to love.

IX.

What joy to ſee thy peaceful ſway,
Extenſive as the ſolar ray,
O'er ſavage nations ſpread;
Whilſt nouriſh'd by thy foſt'ring hand
Religion o'er a Heathen land
Exalts her ſacred head!

X.

Purſue, great Prince, thy godlike courſe,
Bid pure Religion ope her ſource
And bleſs each toiling ſlave;
Hence each his God and friend will know,
Nor fix his hope on ought below,
But look beyond the grave.

XI.

Hence may'ſt thou reign ſupremely bleſt,
Rever'd by all, by all careſs'd;
Whilſt man his tribute brings,

GRATULATIO.

And bows, O King, before thy throne,
'Tis thine to bow at God's alone,
And ſerve the King of kings.

Thomas Stevens, B. A. Scholar of Trinity College.

NOS licet arguti ſtratos ad flumina Cami,
Quà poſuit tacitam ruſtica Muſa domum,
Invigilare juvet ſtudiis, dulceſque per umbras
Doctrinam trepidâ longius urbe ſequi;
Tu tamen O! Regale ſinas accedere limen,
Ponere et ante tuos parvula dona pedes:
Nos etenim Britones: ne ſit, Rex optime, nobis
Gaudia cum patriâ conſociare nefas.
Jam nunc inſolitis ardens pia pectora flammis
Inſtituit laudes fida Juventa tuas:
Non quia victrices miſiſti in prælia turmas,
Sol quacunque vago lumine ſignat iter;
Non quia regna tuo ſubjungens humida ſceptro
Inſultat domitis Anglica claſſis aquis;
Diximus hæc alias: nunc rerum illuſtrior ordo
Nos jubet imparibus Te celebrare modis.
Auſpice Te, ſeri properant in fœdera Galli,
Et Marte adverſo ceſſit inultus Iber:
Blanda redit cum Pace quies; nec flebilis uxor
Longinqua abreptum plorat in arma virum.
Miles ſanguineis mutans ſua limina caſtris
Suſpendit patrio martia tela foco;
Et partas memori volvens ſub pectore lauros
Fœcundum exercet lætus, ut ante, ſolum.

Hæc, bone Rex, tua ſunt. Sed quo vult tendere nectens
Muſa ſupervacuas ambitioſa moras?
Littore in æquoreo numerantem fallit arena,
Fallunt æthereis lumina ſparſa plagis:
Fallunt et GEORGÎ laudes celebrare volentem,
Gaudia, quæ populo præſtitit Ille ſuo.

Joannes Fulham, C.C.C. Alumnus.

TANDEM ergo pulſique duces, et ſceptra tyrannûm
Fracta jacent. Non hæc ingentibus omina cœptis
Spondebat, miſeros cum nondum experta dolores
Militiæ, imparibus ſe Gallia miſcuit armis,
Haud dubiam populis minitarier auſa ruinam.
Quin age, et auguſtum, tantis erepte periclis,
Tolle caput; lætos quin, Albion, indue vultus,
Felix ſorte tuâ: neque enim tua littora nuper
Vidimus armorum ſonitu tremuiſſe propinquo:
At tibi multiplices innectet Palma coronas,
Prodiga Pax tibi fundet opes, licet ira per urbes
Haud unquam graſſata tuas inimica, quietos
Turbârit cives — procul ô! Diſcordia noſtros
Pulſa precor fines fugiat, nec fratribus ignem
Miſceat infeſtum: potiuſque in bella tyrannos
Excitet adverſos. Quam non evellere Iberus
Non Galli potuere, nec æmulus æquore Belga,
Externi ſecura mali, dabit Anglia pœnas
Viribus Angligenûm, et civili victa furore?
Teque etiam, laurus qui ſpernere fortiter audes
Sanguineas, Victor, Te Fama minacibus ultro,

GRATULATIO.

Ignarus licet ipſe mali, canet hoſtibus æquum,
Te juſtæ parcentem iræ; potiorque triumphis
Æternos capiti Clementia figet honores.
Nos ſaltem, placidum quibus umbra quieta receſſum
Porrigit, ante omnes nos regum arcana malignis
Perſcrutari oculis nihil attinet. Uſque dolores
Accumulare juvat miſeris? quæ gloria inermes
Sternere cæde viros, hoſtemque laceſſere victum?
At belli certos paciſque imponere fines,
Heſperione iterum liber ſpatietur in orbe
Gallus, an Angliacum agnoſcat nova terra tyrannum;
Scilicet hæc reges, et regum cura miniſtros
Sollicitat. Patriæ quid nos ingrata Parentem
Turba fatigemus? nobis ſedem ille locumque
Securum dedit; incolumes florere Penates
Ille dedit, mediiſque vigere tumultibus artes.

J. Bates, Coll. Regal. Socius,
et Academiæ Scholaris.

CLAUSERAT ut tandem Jani concordia portas
Cæſaris ad nutus, et jam gravis undique ferri
Deſierat rabies: tum vidit Roma poetas
Septenis certare jugis, ripaſque per omnes
Lætifico Tiberis ſonuerunt flumina cantu.
Sic quoque compoſitis odiis pulſoque GEORGÎ
Auſpiciis bello, Pacis ſtudioſa juventus
Lætum opus aggreditur, vires Deus ipſe caloremque
Effundit per corda novum, mens conſcia Phœbi
Perrumpit tenebras. Reſonat jam Granta receſſus
Per gratos, Camuſque melos ſtrepit omnibus undis.

Sat

Sat Marti furiiſque datum; jam limina belli
Clauduntur, nec ſæva agitat Bellona per agros
Hoſtiles currus, nec jam Diſcordia tetra
Sollicitas Britonum mentes terrore fatigat.
Sed læti incipiunt menſes procedere, viſit
Aurea Pax terras, cœloque emiſſa per orbem
Prætendit dextrâ ramos frondentis olivæ.
Quid memorem Heroas quos Anglica terra triumphis
Nota tulit; belloque et pace illuſtris Elizæ
Imperium referam, aut Gallorum ſanguine ſparſas
Henrici laurus? Tibi ſæcula nulla tulerunt
Conſilio vel Marte parem, ſeu maxime Princeps,
Bella geris, ſeu pace velis mutare triumphos.
Ne tamen uſque nimis trepidum graſſata per orbem
Tempora ſanguineâ velet victricia fronde
Diva potens belli: nec tanta inſania gentes
Exagitet domitas, nec laudum tanta cupido
Victores rapiat; placidæ jam munera Pacis
Albion exoptat; poſitum neque ſumere ferrum
Cogitat, invitas niſi tandem provocet iras
Libertas violata, aut religionis avitæ
Læſus honos: amat illa pari moderamine gentes
Oppreſſas relevare, et debellare ſuperbas.

Thomas Woodward, Aulæ de Clare Alumnus.

I.

NO more ſtern winter whitens every plain,
Nor ſpreads the fetters of his froſt around;
Spring's balmy breath, that breaks the icy-chain,
Clothes in fertility's green robe the ground.

II.

II.

Here joyful peaſants plough the grateful ſoil,
Hither the ſeed of future harveſts bring;
While plenty, treading in the ſteps of toil,
Soon bids the crowded-furrows laugh and ſing.

III.

But what is all the beauty of the year,
What all the harveſt crowded furrows yield;
If ſweet ſecurity is never near,
And arms muſt guard the produce of the field?

IV.

If for the ſons of war the peaſant ploughs,
And toils for plenty ne'er to be his own;
The gifts of induſtry if chance beſtows,
And rapine reaps what poverty has ſown?

V.

Yet, late alas! how many millions held
On this ſad tenure all their little ſtore;
With joy in ripening harveſts oft beheld
Their daily ſuſtenance; nor ask'd for more.

VI.

How ſhort that joy! how ſoon the ſmiling land
To the rough ſoldier gave it's promis'd hoard;
While famine courted from a ruffian's hand
To glean her food, the relicks of the ſword!

VII.

By want compell'd to camps the peaſant flew,
Th' uncertain cares of toil no longer bore;
The bread, that war deny'd, from war he drew,
And plundered every field he plough'd before.

VIII.

At length the Lord of man with pity view'd
His pangs, with pity heard his cries aſcend;
To one juſt Sovereign half the world ſubdu'd,
And in that Sovereign gave mankind a friend.

IX.

Bade either element his power obey,
In him a father bade each nation find;
The ſcales of mutual juſtice bade him ſway,
To rule one people, but to guard mankind.

X.

Thoſe ſcales he took, the rights of all he weigh'd,
Balanc'd each claim, made rage and envy ceaſe;
And more than bread to half the world convey'd,
To eat that bread in Liberty and Peace.

Charles Onley, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke-Hall.

Χ'ΑΙΡΕΤΕ θεσπέσιον μεγαθύμων υἱέες Ἄγλων,
Χάρματ' ἐπείγ' ὑμῖν δεξιὸς ἐθλὰ Θεὸς
Ὀυρανόθεν πεδέπεμψεν. Ὁ μὲν ῥήγνυσκε φάλαγγας,
Καὶ Δηΐων τεθμερῇς ναυσὶν ἔθηκε φυγήν·
Ὑμῖν δ' Εἰρήνης ἀπερείσια δῶρα, καὶ ἐθλὸν
Κῦδος ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἐσομένοισι φέρειν·
Ὑμῖν δ' Ὠκεανῷ δυλέυειν κύματα πάντα,
Πάντας δ' ἠπείρῳ φῶτας ἐν Ἑσπερίῳ.
Δῶκε δὲ καὶ Βασιλῆα, τῷ ἄπολέ φημι ἀμείνω
Ἔμμεναι, ἠδὲ μάχην, ἠδὲ δικαιοσύνην.
Τῷ δ' ἄρα κοιρανέοντι, ἐλεύθερα φῦλα Βρεταν῀ων,

Ου

GRATULATIO.

Ὀυ πόλεμον, χαλεπὴν ȣ̓ δεδίασιν ἔριν·
Ἀλλά τις, ἐυπήκτῳ τέμνων κατὰ γαῖαν ἀρότρῳ,
Καρπὸν ἐς οἰκείην συγκομέεσκεν ἄλω.
Ὅσσα δ' ἄρ' Ἀγγλιγένεσσιν ἐκεῖνος χάρματ' ἔθηκε
Μνήσαιτ', ἐι ψάμμȣ τις τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει.
Ὦ Ναξ, τȣ̓νεκά σοι μάλα χρὴ νικηφόρον ᾄδειν
Ὕμνον, ἀειμνήστȣ μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνης·
Πολλὰ δ' ἄρ ἀθανάτοισι Θεοῖς ἀνὰ χεῖρας ἀείρειν,
Ὄλβιον ὡς δήμῳ ζῇς ἀγανόντε βίον·
Ἔκγονον ὥστε πολύν σοι πότνι' Ἄνασσα τέκοιτο,
Ἀιὲν τῆς ἀρετῆς Πατρὸς ὀρεξόμενον.
Ὧδέ κεν ἄλληκτον γηθήσομεν· ὧδέ σοι ἔσται
Ὄυνομ' ἐν ἐσσομένοις ἀινετὸν, ἠδὲ φίλον.

Gulielm. Becher, Coll. Jeſ. Alumnus.

DUM memor partos reſonans honores,
Debitam nectit tibi Granta laurum,
Dum repercuſſos vehit alta Cami
Ripa triumphos;
Fas ſit, O ſi quid loquar audiendum,
Fas ſit accedat mea vox, et O Sol
Pulcher! O Europa canam receptâ
Pace beata!
O Potens captas relevare gentes,
Hoſtium et mutare neci triumphos,
Et dare, et juſtâ diadema regum
Tollere dextrâ;

Cui

Cui mari parent procul in remoto
Inſulæ, longeque timent tyrannum
Diſſitæ gentes ubicunque ſpargit
Lumina Phœbus;
Hìc tuæ ponas aliis negatam
Gloriæ metam, neque tentet ultra
Ire mortalis memori daturus
Nomina famæ:
Sive tu malis Dominus vocari
Æquoris, totus tibi ſervit uni
Sponte Neptunus, tua regna fidis
Protegit undis:
Sive tu caſtris potius triumphans
Audias Victor, peritura Galli
Mœnia, et vindex quatiens Britanno
Fulmine turres.
Novit Hiſpanus prope ſubjugatus,
Quid tuæ bello potuere turmæ,
Novit et ſubverſa parum ſecundo
Gallia Marte.
Ne tamen ſortis nimis heu malignæ
Immemor tendas, miſeris redona
Gentibus Pacem, miſeros vocatus
Lenis in hoſtes.
Jam mari terraque manus potentes
Hoſtium fractæ metuunt catervæ,
Parce, et optatam fugiente muta
Marte quietem.
Hìc tibi pulchræ patet ampla laudis
Area, internas potuiſſe lites,
Civium molli potuiſſe dextrâ
Vincere rixas.

GRATULATIO.

I, reſurgentes ſtudioſus artes,
Impiger Regni et meditere curas,
I, fove ſceptro decus addituras
Rite Camœnas.
Sic Pater demum patriæ ſeneſcas;
Ne tamen pulchram tibi ſit pudori
Martiis interpoſuiſſe lauris
Pacis olivam.

J. Glegg, Coll. S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

JAM nec tubarum murmura perſtrepunt,
Belli nec enſis demetit agmina
Ferrata, campos decolores
Purpureo maculans cruore!
Cingens olivæ tempora frondibus
En! alma curru Pax niveo redit,
Et Gratiis junctæ venuſtis
Agglomerant lateri Camœnæ.
Tu civitates artibus excolis
Cuſtos virorum Mercurialium;
Addiſque naſcenti poetæ
Ingenium generoſa nutrix.
Tu Diva curis ſollicitam explicas
Frontem, reducens ſpes animo gravi.
Tu blanda, rugoſæ quietem
Reſtituis placidam ſenectæ.
Quocunque tendis, prodiga munerum,
Campi vireſcunt; induitur novam
Natura formam, frugibuſque
Inſolitis decorantur arva.

Secura puppis, te duce, et auſpice,
Oras reviſit quà glacies iners
Contriſtat agros, quà Sabæos
Thurea ventilat aura odores.
Quid Marte poſſes nobilis Albion
Conſperſa tabo lilia Gallico
Teſtantur, et Rhenus virorum
Membra ferens, galeaſque fractas.
Sensêre Iberi, quid valeat cohors
Nutrita rectis militiæ modis,
Quid robur invictum Britannûm,
Atque animi generoſa virtus.
Nec tu tacendus, Dux bone, Prælii
Quem ſæva nobis abſtulit alea;
Quem Parca crudelis decore
Abſtulit in roſeo juventæ.
Oh, quantus illi pectore vividus
Bullivit ardor! maſcula gratia
Qualis nitebat fronte! qualis
Emicuit ſine labe candor!
At oh, quis æquâ laude ferat tuum
Nomen, GEORGI! qui tituli canant
Te, juſte Princeps, et Britannûm
Grande decus, columenque rerum,
Seu per catervas oppoſitas tibi
Juvat Gradivi ſpargere fulmina;
Faves togatæ ſeu Minervæ,
Pacis eris mediuſque belli.
Te copias, te conſilium duci
Præbente, Gallos proruit Anglia,
Latéque victrix per profundum
Borboniis dominatur oris.

Ju-

GRATULATIO.

Jubente Pacem te, furor impius
Fœdare ceſſat ſtragibus oppida;
Et dira campis inquinatis
Diffugiunt ſimulacra belli.
Ut inquieti tergeminâ maris
Neptunus iram cuſpide temperat,
Stratas et invectus per undas
Urget equos volucremque currum.
Sic cum fugârit pace GEORGIUS
Belli procellas, mentibus anxiis
Curæ reſidunt, gaudiumque
Per proceres, populumque manat.
Longùm hìc moreris, maxime principum,
Tenens beatæ ſceptra Britanniæ;
Hoc civitatis flos, ſenatus,
Hoc humili petit ore vulgus.

Thomas Craſter, Coll. Div. Joan. Alumnus.

I.

'TWAS Diſcord paſs'd — mark'd ye the Sprite,
Mark'd how ſhe fled in wild affright,
By fear and rage purſu'd?
While faction, ſculking at her ſide,
With eyes askance would fain deride
Whate'er is juſt and good.

II.

On Ruin bent, th' accurſed band
Fly to ſome mad, devoted land,
Where pride and av'rice reign;

By

By rumour's aid in freedom's guiſe
They ſound th' alarm; the legions riſe,
And tumult rends the plain.

III.

Unhappy land! I feel thy fate;
Such brooding terrors round thee wait
As ſhook Britannia's Iſle,
Before her guardian genius broke
From off her neck the galling yoke,
And bade the mourner ſmile.

IV.

E'en now I hear the ſoothing ſtrain,
See harmony's congenial train
With calm compoſure riſe;
To Peace they tune the warbling lyre;
Heroes ſhall catch the temp'rate fire,
And Victory grow wiſe.

V.

With frantic grief and ſtreaming eyes,
No more the widow'd parent flies
To mourn her ſlaughter'd boy:
No more ſuſpicion, wayward gueſt,
Feeds on the love-lorn virgins breaſt,
Pois'ning her ev'ry joy.

VI.

To vainer boaſt ſuperior far
Britannia quits the envied car,
Diſdaining gairiſh ſhow:
'Tis mine, ſhe cried, and ſtretch'd her hand,
To ſnatch from care my fainting land,
And bid quick comfort flow.

GRATULATIO.

VII.

Thus have I ſeen the village ſwain,
With pleaſure view the gath'ring rain,
Or plenty boding ſhower;
With frugal haſte turn ev'ry rill,
Exert with pride his ruſtic skill
To cheer each drooping flower.

Sanford Hardcaſtle, Trin. Coll.

Ἦλθες ἤλυθες, ἰμερτὰ Θεῶν
φυγὰς Ἐιρήνη· τίπτε δὲ, Δᾶιμον,
τίπτε δ' ἐελδομένοις ἐφαάνθης
πολὺν ἠδὲ χρόνον πολλαῖς ἐλπισιν,
ἐυχαῖς πολλαῖς μεταπεμπομένη;
ἄλις ὀλλύντων ὀλλυμένων τε
τρομερᾷ φρενὶ μαλέρες ἤκυσαν·
χήραισιν ἄλις φρίκην ἀλόχοις
παντοσ' ἀρήϊον ἐσέγειρε μέλος,
δεινὸν ἀρῄϊα ἄυχημα βοᾶς·
ἄλις ὑγρᾶις ἐυῶπα παρειὰν
δάκρυσι τέγγυσ' ἀπαλὴ παρθένος
ἠιθέου μόρον
ἀπάτας λεχέων ὑπεραλγεῖ.
Τεὰ δ' ὡς μειδιάσαντι προσώπῳ
δῶρα προσήγαγες ἀγλαὰ ἐλαίας,
ἔθνεα μακαρίζυσα Βρεταννῶν,
ἔνθα μεριμνῶν ὑπνώσσει κέαρ,

ἔνθα πυκνόται ϑανάτῳ νεφέλαι,
ὥστερ ἀπ' ἠελίῳ, ταχὺ πέφυγον·
νῦν τε τραχεῖαν μὲν ἄνευθε λιτῶν
ἔγχων ἀκμὰν μετὰ τῶν Χαρίτων
ὄβριμος Ἄρης
χορὸν ἔυκυκλον πρέχορέυει.
Χαῖρ', ἀενάων μᾶτερ ἐάων,
μᾶτερ ἀστημοσύνης σεμνολάτη,
εἰρήνη βαθύπλουτε, ἀρίστη·
σεῖο λύρης ἐῦ εἰδότες ὕιμες·
σεῖο γελώσης ὄκ ἀεκουλί γε
ϑυμῷ πατρίδι
μῖσι' ἀθάναλον κλέος ὑμνεῖ.
Ὦ μέγα σεμνὰ Νίκα, ποίη
μακαρέσαλ' ἐμῶν δώμαλ' ἀνάκλων,
πύργε ϑρασύς ὡς, ἀμφιβέβηκας·
σεῖο δ' ἐκουσης ἔκπρεπεν ἀρετὴ
λαμπρὰ ζώντων, σεῖο δ' ἐκούσης
Ζηνὶ Τροπαίῳ πάγκαλλα τέλη
ἴσαμεν ἀγαθοὶ, πολλά περ' ἀνδρῶν
ὑγρὰ φόνῳ ψυχῇ θ' ἡμετέρων,
ὅπότ' ἀτίμως εἰν ὑσμίνῃ
πατρίδι ἕνεκα
σκοτιὰν αἰῶνα λαχόντων.
Ἀλλὰ σὺ, πολυθρύλλητε Δαίμων,
Εἰρήνης μέτα σκῆπτρα Βρεταννῶν
εἰς ἔτη ἐξ ἔτεος σηρίξατον.
Εἶργε, Θεὰ, βασιλεῦσιν πήματα·

GRATULATIO.

δὸς χαεποφόεω δένδεον ἐλαίας
ἄφθιτον αἰέι,
χαὶ μὴ λήγοις ςεφανῶσα.

Benj. Ridding, Collegii Regalis Socius.

QUA vacuos late pandit Germania tractus,
Undique depaſtas ſegetes populataque rura
Paſtores plorant, dum murmur flebile reddunt
Flumina ſubverſos præterlabentia muros.
Attamen illa, licet tanto lacerata fatiſcat
Vulnere, venturi lætatur imagine ſæcli,
Solaturque graves blando lenimine curas.
Nam neque ſanguinei Mavors ad flumina Rheni
Prælia confundit, neque tela coruſcat, et udum
Cædibus aſſiduis gladium, ſed laurea ſolvens
Serta, Cytheriacâ redimivit tempora myrto.
Per purum interea roſeo volat æthera curru
Aurea Pax, niveiſque immittit fræna columbis.
Diffugiunt Pavor, et Rabies, Diſcordia demens,
Inſidiæque, graveſque minis ultricibus Iræ.
Sic nox purpurei telis ſuperata diei
Vaneſcit, ſic nigram hyemem ſol aureus urget
Sub terras, pictique arridet veris imago.
Ilicet innumeris candeſcere marmora velis,
Et mercatorem pelago deducere naves
Vidimus, haud flammas et fulgura dira vomentes,
Omnigenâ ſed merce graves; commercia terris
Jam cunctis ſecura patent, quà littora Mauro

Oce-

Oceano perfuſa jacent, quà Zembla ſub axe
Torpet hyperboreo, brumæque immitior aura
Aſtringit Scythicum glaciali frigore pontum.
India thuriferas ditiſſima pandit arenas,
Pictis luxurians gemmis, aperitque latentes
Argenti venas, atque auro plurima fluxit.
Aſpice quà denſas extendit America ſylvas,
Incultis habitata viris, queîs tela ſagittæ,
Queîs pharetræ leves humeris, et lethifer arcus
Pax agitur; tuto montes, et devia ſaxa
Et caligantes nigrâ formidine lucos
Advena perluſtrat, nec in hoſtem tela venenat
Barbarus, aut denſis emittens ſpicula ſylvis
Non exſpectato male cautum intercipit ictu.
Non illic audit ſolitum Orellana tumultum,
Nec diſcurrentes refugo videt agmine Gallos.
Dum gentes aliæ diri infortunia belli,
Deplorant, gravibuſque adhibent ſolamina curis,
Inclyta diffuſo redimita Britannia ponto
Miratur palmas, quæſitaque Marte tropæa.
Namque diu roſeis Victoria ſplendida pennis
Incubuit; tandem florentes læta triumphos
Pax ſtabilit, gentique novum ſuperaddit honorem.
Artibus interea et redivivis area Muſis
Panditur, et rerum ſurgit pulcherrimus ordo.
Auctius his aliquid ſi poſcimus, en! tibi Regum
Progenies alto demittitur, Anglia, cœlo.
Creſcentem Puerum vigili circumvolet alâ
Cœlicolum manus, et ſimul ac adoleverit ætas,
Condiſcat præclara ſequi veſtigia Patris
Filius, abrupto quà tendit in ardua tractu

Se-

GRATULATIO.

Semita virtutis; tibi præſcia Muſa futuri
Myſtica fatorum decreta recludit, honores
Spondens egregios, et iturum in ſæcula nomen.
Crudelis quoniam belli deferbuit æſtus,
Iraque per terras, jucundis pectora vinclis
Fidus amor teneat, placet concordia motus
Civiles, ceu paciferis Dea candida ramis
Indomitum placido tranquillat numine Martem.

John Thornton, Aul. S. S. Trin. Alumnus.

LET fierce Barbarians bathe the purple plain,
And proudly triumph in their thouſands ſlain;
Be their's the ruthleſs joy, with laviſh hand
To ſpread fell famine o'er each fertile land;
Britannia's King has nobler tasks aſſign'd:
'Tis His to poliſh and preſerve mankind,
'Midſt jarring realms to bid grim Diſcord ceaſe,
And bind conſenting worlds in chains of Peace.
"Be Peace," he ſaid; obedient to his word
War ſtood abaſh'd, and Slaughter drop'd the ſword.
Commerce from hence her drooping head ſhall raiſe,
Again reviving Science claim the bays;
The peaſant undiſturb'd ſhall turn the ſoil,
And reap the wages of his uſeful toil;
Britannia's ſons ſhall ev'ry bleſſing know,
Which man can wiſh, or Brunſwick can beſtow.
If ſuch great acts, illuſtrious Prince, adorn
Thy riſing beams, and gild thy opening morn,

How wilt thou ſhine in life's meridian blaze,
And warm the world with thy propitious rays,
When rip'ning time has ev'ry ſeed refin'd,
Which bounteous Heav'n implanted in thy mind!
For thee, great Prince, the Bard ſhall twine the wreath,
For thee the Painter bid the canvaſs breath:
O! would indulgent Heaven my ſoul inſpire
With Raphael's warmth, or Milton's ſacred fire,
Then ſhould thy name to lateſt ages live
With all the ornaments that verſe could give;
Then in unfading colours ſhouldſt thou ſtand
The great Palladium of the Britiſh land;
Each future GEORGE, with thirſt of glory fir'd,
By Honour, Liberty, and Thee inſpir'd,
Boldly ſhould pant to emulate thy fame,
And ſtrive to join thy virtues to thy name.

Charles Foot, Scholar of Emmanuel College.

PARCERE ſubjectis, an debellare ſuperbos;
Utrum magnanimus valdiùs optet opus,
Si fortè ambigitur; pulchrè qui callet utrumque,
Grande decus Britonum GEORGIUS, ecce, docet.
At tu, Galle, animo nimium ne crede benigno;
Si vis perpetuum reddere, mitte dolos;
Multa auſus fruſtra in Britonas, tibi jam ſapere aude:
Evâſti? metues, ſi modo, Galle, ſapis.

Edwardus Tilſon, Aul. Pemb. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

O! QUI potentis doctior fidibus lyræ
Aptare poſſis carmina,
Feſtivitatis huc canorum fer melos;
Modiſque noſtris accine,
Sono laborat dum Camœna parvulo,
Jucunda pacis otia,
Martemque fari vinculis coercitum,
Bellique compreſſas minas,
Satiata tandem bellico negotio
Legumque frænis ſerviens
Poſuit enyo ſpicula, et ferrum madens
Cruore vixdum frigido.
Prædonis inſolentis haud juſſu amplius
Matrona cultus exuit:
Sed æquitatis puriora fœdera,
Et ſacra vis concordiæ,
Frænant vagantem militum licentiam.
O! fauſta Tu Britannia!
Salve bonarum blanda nutrix artium!
Cui nunc remotâ ab Indiâ
Secura claſſis, merce collectâ undique,
Dites beabit incolas.
Et Tu, triumphis clarus inter principes
Dicêre, GEORGÎ, maximus,
Dicêre Pacis ſub polo utroque incolis,
Bellique juſtus arbiter;
Canetque victor, ac ſimul victus, tuum
Et robur, et clementiam.

M. Moſely, Coll. Div. Joan. Alumnus.

I.

" CEaſe, imperious Lord of war,
" Ceaſe to ſound thy harſh alarms,
" Yield to fate thy crimſon car,
" Nor ſtill wake the world to arms:
" Peace to yonder clarion's ſound
" That madly breaths its wild deſtruction round:
" Of claſhing ſwords and battle's baleful woes
" Enough the hardy warrior knows."—
Such were the ſounds that ſtruck th' affrighted ear
Of Mars, loud thund'ring 'midſt th' embattled plain:
Trembling he heard, and in his wild career,
At fate's command, he dropt the glowing rein;
In ſpeechleſs trance the griſly Monarch ſtands,
Sudden the dart uplifted quits his nerveleſs hands.

II.

Fraught with rage and ſullen ire,
See the God forſakes the fight!
With him too the Furies dire
Wing their drear, reluctant flight.
Grim-ey'd Slaughter and Deſpair,
With Death and Devaſtation in the rear,
Pale Panick too, with her disfigur'd train,
Haſte to their native Thracian plain.
But hark! to yonder clarion's brazen throat,
That late with tumults ſwell'd the echoing air;
How weak the cadence of each ſinking note!
How ſlowly ſtrike its murmurs on the ear!
Faint and more faint the leſs'ning numbers riſe,
Till on the peaceful gale reſponſive Echo dies.

III.

III.

All is peace, —— the grateful ſound
Thro' the ambient ether floats:
" Echo waft the muſic round,
" Give to rapture all its notes."
On a rock, whoſe lofty brow
Far-ſtretch'd o'erlooks the Britiſh waves below,
With garb of ſnow adorn'd, and olive wand,
The dove-ey'd goddeſs took her ſtand:
O'er her fair face a beauteous ſmile was ſeen
That far illuming chear'd the diſtant tide;
In pleaſing act ſhe wav'd her hand benign —
At her beheſt the ſtormy waves ſubſide,
No longer Eurus ſhakes the ſounding ſhore,
But genial gales around ſoft-breathing Zephyrs pour.

IV.

Riſing from the oozy flood
Neptune firſt beheld the Maid;
Wond'ring ſtood the hoary God,
And obſequious bow'd his head.
Round their king in gambols leap
The ſhaggy monſters of the foaming deep,
And ev'ry blue-ey'd Nereid of the wave
Forſakes her ſea-beat coral cave.
In feſtive dance they greet thee, gentle Peace;
To thee their tributary ſongs they bear;
Since, Goddeſs, at thy bleſt approach, muſt ceaſe
The raging cannon and the din of war;
No more loud thunders brave the ſilent night,
Or rouſe them from their wavy beds in wild affright.

V.

Next o'er yonder happy land,
Smiling at thy bleſt return,
Plenty pours, with copious hand,
Bleſſings from her fruitful urn:
Culture ſpreads her mantle green,
Whilſt bright-ey'd Flora decks the vary'd ſcene,
And golden Ceres, with her laughing train,
O'er ſpreads with yellow veſt the plain.
Amidſt the deep receſſes of that ſhade,
Whoſe leafy ſummit ruſhes on the skies,
No longer gleams the ſpear or bickering blade;
In peaceful eaſe each ſacred Druid lies,
Nor dreads the tumult riſing from afar,
The cannon's roar deep-ſounding or the noiſe of war.

VI.

Such thy bleſſings to beſtow!
Such thy pow'r, celeſtial Peace,
O'er the ravag'd world to throw,
Balmy ſweets of heart-felt eaſe!
Such on Britain's happy ſhore
May thy propitious hands inceſſant pour,
Each gale ſtill wafting on its frolick wing
The gift of Traffick's golden ſpring,
With joy and ever-ſmiling plenty crown'd:
So ſhall Britannia at thy ſacred ſhrine,
With loud acclaim thy glorious praiſe reſound,
And ſhew the treaſures of th' enriching mine;
So ſhall fair Liberty protect her fame,
And nations far remote revere the Britiſh name.

B. Thomas, Emman. Coll.

GRATULATIO.

ΝΥΝ ποτε κάλλιστον περιφαίνεται ὄμμα φαεινοῦ
Ἤματος, Ἀγγλιγενῶν δὲ κακοὶ λήγουσιν ἄεθλοι·
Εἰρήνη κατέβαινεν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ· ἄρτι φέρεσθε
Φωνὴν ἐν πτερύγεσσι λιγυπνείοντες ἀῆται
Ὑμνοπόλοι, δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀοιδῆς ἄρχετε καλῆς.
Εἰρήνην περὶ Μοῦσα φιλεῖ, πολέμοιοτε νυκτὸς
Δεινῆς ἐξαναδῦσα μέλος γλυκερώτερον ᾄδει·
Ὡς πάλαι Εὐρώταο παρ' ὀχθαῖς ἢ παρ' Ἰλισσοῦ
Νάμασιν ἀργυρέοισι λύρης βρόμον ἐπταγλώσσου
Πιερίδων ἤγειρε χορὸς, ὕμνοις δ' ἔνι πολλοῖς
Ἡσυχίας τριπόθητα καὶ ὄλβια δῶρ' ἐμέλιζεν.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης φλόγα δηιότητος
Αἰνοτάτην ἐνέπρησε, καὶ ἔρρεε φοινίον ὕδωρ,
Δὴ τότ' ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ φυγάδες Κόραι ἀμφιπολοῦντο
Μαίναλον αγρόνομοι δὲ μετὰ δρυσὶ βουκολίαζον·
Νῦν δέ ποθ' ἡμετέραις ὕλαις, Διὸς ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
Τηλεθάωσι δρύες, πηγῶν δ' ἡδὺς ψιθυρισμός·
Οὐδ' ἔτι νῦν σάλπιγγες ἀνέκραγον ἠερόφωνοι·
Θρέψει δὲ σπήεσσιν ἐνὶ γλαφυροῖσιν ἀοιδὴν
Ἠχὼ αὐδήεσσα, σὺν Ἡσυχίῃ ἐρατεινῇ.
Ἐνδέχεαι, μειδῶσα Κόρη, φίλον ἔξοχα πάντων
Νικητὴν, μεγάλων τε πόνων γέρας ἀγλαὸν εἴη
Πιστὸς ἔρως· τότ' ἔπειτα λόχους πολέμου διακούσεις
Θαυμασίους, κῦδός τε Βρετανῶν ἄφθιτον αἰέν.—
Ἀλλ' ὅταν αἱμάτοεν πεδίον καὶ τραύματα λέξει
Ἥρως κυδάλιμος, τότε σοὶ καταδακρυχεούσῃ
Ὑγραίνουσα γένυς γλυκυπίκρῳ τήξεται ἄλγει.
Πάννυχοι ἐν σφετέραις, ὦ ποιμένες, ἕυδετε χοίταις,

Ἕυδετ'

Εὐδετ' ἀφεγγίσως· ϗ μηκέτι δείδετ' Ἀερθ
Κῦμα παλιῤῥόθιον· νῦν γὰρ καλάδηλος ἔφηνεν
Ἠίθεος, ποίμνας ὃς περὶς λειμῶνι πλανᾶσθαι,
Ὑμᾶς ϗ καλάμοις ἐπελέψαλο βυκολιάζειν.—
Τῦ γὰρ κοιρανέοντος ἐπ' ἄυλια Παρθένος ἦλθεν
Αὐθις, ϗ Βρεττόνεσιν ἐπεσπείξαλο κῦδος
Εἰρήνη βαθύπλυτος. Ἅπαν γ' ἀπὸ σῦ γέρας ἔσιν,
Ὦ θεὰ, γηθόσυνόν τε Εὐτυχές; ἀμφί σε πολλοὶ
Κύκλον σπασάμενοι γλυκερῶς παίζυσιν Ἔρωτες,
Τάς τε φερέας τέρπυσι φιλήδονοι ἀγλαοκάρπυ
Δώρις Ἠρεμίας· σοί τ' ἐυθαλὲς ἔρνος ἐλαίης
Ἀκμάζει, φαιδρῶς τε γελᾷ πολύδωρος ἄρουρα.
Χάιρις Εἰρήνη, γᾶιάν τε Βρεττανίδα σώζοις.

Edv. Taylor, Aulæ S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

ILLUSTRES animæ, et cineres tellure repôſti
Heroum, memori quos grata Britannia laude
Proſequitur, tantis quòd defenſoribus iras
Contudit Hiſpanas, et Gallica reppulit arma;
Nos quoque, dum partos veſtra virtute triumphos
Luſtrat ovans Patria, et fidis ſe jactat alumnis,
Plaudentes junxiſſe choros, et debita dona
Ferre decet, verſuque ſacram decorare favillam.
Nam neque præteritis tot palmas Anglia bellis
Retulit, aut tali nituit ſpectata theatro
Fama ducum: ſeu quà raptis Germania luget
Civibus, immenſos aut pandit America ſaltus,
Aut ardet ſiccum Lybiæ latus, aut ubi ponti

De-

GRATULATIO.

Decolor extremo cingit ſeſe India fluctu.
Nec ceſſavit adhuc laudem, et ſpolia ampla mereri
Vivida ductorum virtus; noſtriſque tropæis
Vix poſuit Pax ipſa modum: jam Marte ſecundo
Albion exultat, jam nunc Hiſpania mœret
Effractas acies, et falſi credula Galli,
Detegit inſidias, inſanaque devovet arma.
Sed tamen ingentes juvat evaſiſſe tumultus,
Fortunæque vices; juvat enſem ponere fœdum
Cædibus aſſiduis, et feſſa recondere tela.
Præſertim, firmo ſi Pax innixa recumbat
Fœdere, ſi Britonum latis regionibus auctum
Creverit imperium, dubios ſi perfida tractus
Gallia tradiderit, primique incendia belli.
Jam neque finitimas Canadæ vicinia gentes
Territat, infidoſve timent naſcentia regna
Incurſus: proprios tuto pede permeat agros
Incola, nec ſævos a tergo reſpicit hoſtes:
Deſertoſque videns rurſus floreſcere campos,
Difficiles nuper, ſociorumque oſſibus albos,
Hìc ceſſiſſe acies, illic timida agmina Galli
Verſa retro, hìc cæſos inſigni vulnere narrat
Ductores: inhians avidâ bibit aure viator
Fortia facta ducum, geſtaſque ex ordine pugnas.
Impoſitos bello ſenſit Germania fines,
Senſit et Europa; ac GEORGÎ felicia cœpta
Traxit in exemplum; hinc demum regionibus illis
Vidimus horrendos Martis ceſſâſſe furores.
Vos adeo, quorum auſpiciis miteſcere diſcit
Orbis, et extremæ coeunt in fœdera terræ,
Ne, Britones, ne tantum animis diſcordibus æſtum,

Civileſque fovete iras, nec Pace peractâ,
Publica privato rumpantur gaudia motu.
Teque oro, ſi cæde ſatis madefacta recenti
Terra rubet, ſtabilem ſi fas ſperare quietem,
Magne Pater cœli, ſine longâ Pace fruamur
Angliacæ gentes: ſine lætos GEORGIUS annos
Exigat, ut tali ſub Principe latius auctæ
Floreſcant artes, fauſtiſque Britannia velis
Per domitum geminata ferat commercia pontum.

Ed. Chamberlayne, A. B. Coll. Regal. Socius,
et Academ. Scholaris.

MAD with the thirſt of glory Philip's ſon
Mourn'd o'er the bounded conqueſts he had won;
Proud of a conqueror's, not a monarch's ſword,
He wept, no other world ſhou'd want a lord.
Led by the love of Freedom and Mankind,
GEORGE gain'd that world, the tyrant wept to find;
But when he made each private pang his own,
Heard every orphan's cry, and widow's moan,
He wept the ſtern neceſſity of power,
And felt no joy, till triumph was no more.
From equal power what different wiſhes roſe,
From the ſame ſource what different ſorrows ran!
One long'd for friends, the other wanted foes;
And here the Chriſtian wept, and there the Man.

William Henry Campbell,
Fellow-Commoner of Pembroke-Hall.

GRATULATIO.

I.

" NO more with Slaughter's purple ſpear
" Let war-worn Europe groan; no more
" Let Diſcord rend the frighted air,
" Or Rage the ſtorm of battle pour:
" Enough, in robes of conqueſt dreſt,
" Has Glory blaz'd on Albion's creſt,
" At every vein Iberia bled,
" And the thin ranks of Gallia fled:
" Now, Slaughter, pauſe; and thou, bright Queen
" Of concord, ſmooth the ruffled ſcene."
Thus Heav'n decreed: — From realms of day
The dove-ey'd Goddeſs wing'd her way,
Stretch'd o'er the world her olive bough,
And bade the ſmiles of rapture glow,
The brazen voice of angry Tumult ceaſe,
And diſtant nations hail the gladſome dawn of Peace.

II.

While ye at Wiſdom's ſhrine that bow,
Where Camus weaves his watry maze,
Shall bid the ſongs of triumph flow,
And wake the boldeſt notes of praiſe:
Britannia reaps the bright applauſe
Which Vict'ry beam'd on Freedom's cauſe;
Contentment gilds the jocund hours,
And plenty ſheds ambroſial ſhow'rs;
From pole to pole with ev'ry gale
Commerce expands her ſwelling ſail;
And from a thouſand diſtant ſhores
Wafts many a freight of foreign ſtores.
More bright the flow'rs of Science bloom,
More fragrant breathe their rich perfume;

Warm

Warm Tranſport lifts her feſtive Echoes high,
And pours from ev'ry tongue one gen'ral burſt of joy.

III.

Thus long may Peace, that golden gift of Jove,
On thee, Britannia, Ocean's nobleſt iſle,
Her ev'ry joy, her ev'ry beauty ſhow'r,
Cloath thy warm vales with verdure's richeſt ſmile,
Cheer ev'ry breaſt with beams of ſocial love,
And raiſe thee high upon the throne of pow'r:
May long, o'er all thy wide domain,
Thy cities crown'd with ev'ry glory ſhine,
In grandeur riſe, with ſtores of traffick ſwell;
Thy navies lord it o'er the watry plain;
The generous offspring of thy free-born line
In ev'ry art of brighteſt note excel!
And Thou, great Monarch, at whoſe high command
Stern Vengeance ſheath'd his adamantine blade,
O may'ſt thou long with ſtedfaſt hand
The mighty helm of Albion ſway,
And may thy deeds, from age to age,
On Time's eternal wings convey'd,
Reſplendent bloom in Hiſt'ry's living page,
'Till Fame's loud tongue ſhall ceaſe and mem'ry waſte away.

Richard Horton Briſco, of Trinity College.

AT non triumphi pompa, nec infolens
Clamor, remiſto cum ſonitu tubæ,
Non hoſtium jactata cædes,
Nec ſpoliis acies renidens,

Murmur

GRATULATIO.

Murmur dolorum flebile comprimit;
Hìc orba mater devovet impios
  Belli triumphos, hìc cadaver
    Sponſa viri gemebunda plorat.
Teſtes, ſuorum ſanguine civium
Agri madentes, verſaque mœnia
  Germaniæ. En! arvis coloni,
    Queîs gladii rabies pepercit,
Vagantur, arvis meſſe carentibus,
Multumque deflent et Patriam et domos,
  Hoſtemque clementem; minatur
    Namque fames graviora ferro.
Nec Tu, GEORGI, vota querentium
Immotus audis: Te licet undique
  Secundus ornet Mars tropæis,
    Ambitio tua corda major
Incendit, almam quæ miſeris opem
Tuliſſe geſtit, ſpernere fortior
  Famam triumphi, quam cruentas
    Perpetuò renovare clades.
At non Britanni ſanguinis immemor,
(Quo ſæpe Rhenus decolor in mare
  Albiſque fluxit, cum tuorum
    Pro Patriâ cecidêre turmæ;)
Non Tu laboris nobilis immemor,
Indigna jungis fœdera; quin decus
  Cum Pace firmas, quin vigebit
    Sepoſitis tua laurus armis.
Jam leniores pectora ſentiant
Curas, remoto turbine martio;
  Satiſque verſatum triumphis
    Te Pietas rediviva Patrem,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Te Muſa laudet; Muſa potentior
Centum tropæis addere debitos
Virtuti honores, Te ſacrabit
Per memorum ſeriem nepotum.

R. Raikes, Coll. Div. Joan. Alumnus.

I.

O SPEED ye hence your lingering flight,
Conceal your hideous forms in night,
Ye Fiends of blood and rage!
Deſtruction's purple ſcene is clos'd,
In healing reſt hath Heaven repos'd
The half-unpeopled age.

II.

Tho' conqueſt crown'd our heroes' arms,
And honour ſpread her dazzling charms
To veil War's direful face;
The victors check'd their generous hoſt,
Mourn'd the ſad price their glories coſt,
And conqu'ring ſigh'd for Peace.

III.

Parent of arts, of joys refin'd,
Firm on the breaſts of all mankind
Found thy eternal throne:
Where-e'er extends thy lenient Power,
Tho' nature's ſcantieſt bounty lower,
Content and bliſs are known.

IV.

In cold Lapponia's rigid skies,
Where ſullen ſuns ſcarce deign to riſe,
Bleſt is the peaceful ſwain:

The

GRATULATIO.

The ſultry Æthiop's joy is Peace,
Secure he plies the burning chaſe,
Nor dreads a Chriſtian chain.

V.

Ye happier climes! where ſcience pours
From reaſon's mine her precious ſtores,
O bid her ſons record
What aids, to ſtrengthen Virtue's bands,
To curb Oppreſſion's guilty hands
Pacific arts afford.

VI.

Sweet arts, that harmonize mankind,
Steal ſoftly o'er the warrior's mind;
With arms let fierceneſs ceaſe:
Let rougher paſſions all ſubſide,
Nor ought diſturb the gentle tide
Of Happineſs and Peace.

VII.

Then War's wide waſte ſhall be repair'd,
Nor matrons' fruitleſs cries be heard
For ſlaughter'd friends that grieve:
All hail! domeſtic joys reſtor'd,
When fields, woods, houſes know their lord,
The ſon, the husband live!

VIII.

No more yon lofty ſhip, that braves
The angry Ocean's foaming waves,
A hoſtile view portends:
Commerce alone expands the ſail,
And every clime, and every gale
Some grateful bleſſing ſends.

IX.

IX.

The gems of Ind, the ſpicy ſtore,
The ſhining ſilks from Perſia's ſhore,
And Afric's golden ſtream;
Secure we fetch from every coaſt
All that luxuriant taſte can boaſt,
Or pleaſing fancy dream.

X.

Theſe be thy triumphs, glorious iſle;
Diſdain proud conqueſts bluſhing ſpoil,
The vulgar victor's joy:
Alike in arts and arms complete,
Aſſert the Merit truly great
To bleſs, and not deſtroy.

XI.

Then, while propitious Peace is thine,
And Freedom guards her fav'rite ſhrine
Of juſtice ſprung from Jove;
O teach thy duteous ſons to know
The ſource whence all theſe bleſſings flow,
Their King's and Country's love.

XII.

Deep on each ſubject's patriot breaſt
Be GEORGE's virtues full impreſs'd:
The medal buſt and ſcroll
May ſpread his titles, wear his face;
But Britain bleſs'd, the world in Peace,
Theſe ſpeak the Monarch's Soul.

John Smith, Fellow-Commoner of Magdalen College.

GRATULATIO.

Ὄυκετι Τευτονικαὶ ςοναχὴν βρίθοντος Ἄρηος
Ἀντηχοῦσι νάπαι· οὐδ' ἔσχατα πείρατα γάιης
Ἀντιβίοις πολέμοισι τινάσσεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
Ἀργαλέαν κατέπαυσε μάχην, καὶ νηλεὲς ἦμαρ
Ἔσβεσεν ἡδὺ φόως· Λαοὺς καμάτοισι δαμέντας
Εἰρήνη χρυσέαισι περικροτέει πτερύγεσσι.
Νῦν μισοπτόλεμοι Μοῦσαι, φιλότητος ὁπαδοὶ,
Αὖθις (ἐπ' ἀλλοδαπήν ποτ' ἀλώμεναι) οἴκαδ' ἰοῦσαι
Πόλλ' ἐθέλουσι λέγειν, ὕμνον μελιγῆρυν ἅπασαι
Μολπάζειν ἐθέλουσι, τεὸν δ', Ἄνα, ἔξοχον ἄλλων
Οὔνομα, καὶ Βρετόνων μεγαθύμων κῦδος ἀέξειν
Ἀθάνατον, Κελτῶν δ' ἄφενος δορίληπτον ἀείδειν.
Ὦ Πόποι, ἤ τι περισσὸν ἀφίκετο πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Ἢ Θεοὶ εὐμενέες μεγάλων δωτῆρες ἐάων,
Οὐρανόθεν κατιδόντες ἀριςήων ςίχας ἀνδρῶν;
Αὐτοὶ ἐν οἰάκεσσι κυβερνητῆρες ἔοντες
Νηυσὶν ἐϋσσέλμοις δι' ἀχείμονα πόντον ἔρεσσαν.
Ἔνθεν ἀμαιμάκετοι πύργοι, καὶ τείχεα μακρὰ
Τεύχεσιν ἢ βουλαῖσι πέσεν ῥοιζηδὰ Βρετανῶν
Μαρναμένων δηΐοισι μετ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμὲς αἰεί.
Τάων ἐκ πάντων κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ
Ἐξέλασαν· τάων σύγ' ἀποτρόπος ἐκ πολέμοιο
Ἀθανάτῳ Δωτῆρι λιταῖς ἐπινίκια ῥέζεις,
Μή ποθ' ὑπερφιάλου σε Θεὸς θυμοῖο χολωθεὶς
Ἔντεσ' ἀγαλλόμενον, δηΐων τε κεκασμένον ὄλβῳ
Ἐκπέμψει· σὺ γὰρ αἰὲν ὀρίνθης μείλιχον ἦτορ
Πάντας ὁμῶς ςέργων δουρικτήτους περ ἐόντας,
Ὅπποτε δηϊόων πολεμήϊα φῦλα δαμάσσας.

Τόιγαρ ὀρῷ Δάιμων, ϗ νῦν ὡς ἀυτίκ' ἀρωγὸς
Ἀϊδίων ταμίας ἀγαθῶν· τῇ σκῦλ' ἐνὶ χειρὶ
Δηριάλωλα φέρει, πολέμῳ κάλλιστον ἔπαρ·
Εἰρήνην ἑτέρῃ, γαίας τ' εὐδαίμονα πλῆτον.
Ὧδε δέ μοι φρονέοντ' ὡς νῦν περὶ θυμὸς ἴαπται
Πρόσθεν ὀρῶν τὰ παρόντα ϗ ἃ μέλλοντα γενέσθαι.
Πᾶν καρπῶν ὄζει βαθυλήϊον ἤλιθα πολλῶν,
Πυρφόρων καρπῶν, σάκχυσιν βείθυσιν ἀλωαί·
Ἡσυχίη μία πάντας ἔχει κατὰ γαῖαν ἅπασαν.
Ἀλλὰ δὲ ϗ τύτων ἔτι μείζονα παλείδ' ἕτοιμα
Πρόσθεν ὀρῶ· σοὶ πολλὰ ϗ ἐσθλὰ φέρυσιν ἄποινα
Ἄνερες Ἑσπέριοίτε ϗ Ἠῶοι βαθύπλυτοι.
Χαῖρ' ἐρικυδὲς Ἄναξ νικηφόρε, φέρτατε πάντων,
Ὅσυς σκηπτοφόρυς τε, ϗ ἐυρυμέδοντας Ἀναχτας
Ἠελίῳ φαέθων ἐπιδέρκεται ἀκτίνεσι.
Εἰρήνην Κελτοῖσι νέμεις, Κελτῶν δ' ἐπικράϊς
Ἕλκων ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος· οἱ δὲ φοβῆται
Ἀζόμενοι βασιλῆ, ὅπερ κεφάτῳ ἐστι μέγιστον·
Πάντες ἀειστεύοντες ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι Βρεταvοῖ
Ἀιὲν ἐφυμνήσυσι ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΝ ὑψιμέδοντα,
Ἀιὲν ἀγαστονται, νίκης ἀναθήματ' ὀρῶντες,
Κελτιγενῶν μάσιγα. Διὸς Τέρας ἔστεαι ἐν γῇ
Ὄλβιος, ὀρθόπολις, μέγ' ἔρεισμα Βρεταvίδος ἄϊης.

Guilielmus Langford, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

I.

WHEN low'ring clouds diſcharge the rain
With ſullen fury on the plain,
The violet hangs her mournful head,
Fall'n is her painted pride, and every odour fled:
Nor leſs amidſt the din of arms
Expire the drooping Muſe's charms;
From it's bright orb oft burſts the big round tear,
Quenching the lightning of her eye;
Chas'd by the yellow wither'd hand of Care,
Far from her damask cheeks Love's blooming glories fly.

II.

But, when the Sun's effulgent ray
Diſpels the clouds and clears the day,
The meads a gayer verdure wear,
New beauties charm our wand'ring eyes,
Freſh odours lend their ſweetneſs to the air,
Each pearl-hung leaf diſplays a thouſand various dyes:
So when the dove-ey'd Goddeſs charms
With magic wand the furious God of arms,
The Muſe aſſumes a ſprightlier air,
Cheer'd at the ſoul-reviving ſight;
While roſe-lip'd Health around the fair
Pours with a brighter blaze ſoft Beauty's purple light.
From thoſe bleſt ſeats of endleſs day,
Where, frighted at the dread alarms
Which rous'd her Albion's ſons to arms,
The gentle Goddeſs wing'd her way;
Lo, ſhe returns in all her pride,
With ſmiling Vict'ry at her ſide!
Pale Diſcord hangs her ſnake-incircled head,
Flies to her native hell, and gnaws her iron bed.

IV.

In mantle green bedeck'd with flow'rs
See roſy-boſom'd Spring appear!
Lo at her feet with laviſh hand he pours
The bluſhing treaſures of the new-born year!
Soft Zephyr fans her as ſhe treads
Majeſtic o'er th' enamel'd ground,
And from his quiv'ring pinions ſheds
Ambroſial odours all around.

V.

All hail, propitious power! to thee
Fair Science bends the ſuppliant knee:
On Britannia's bliſsful iſle,
Goddeſs, ever deign to ſmile!
Each art beneath thy foſt'ring ray
Shall truſt its bloſſoms to the day:
Sculpture ſhall with happier grace
From marble call the mimic face;
And as the painter's matchleſs art
Bids into life the canvaſs ſtart,
Rome ſhall unite her powers with Greece,
To form the animated piece.
Thro' Fancy's flow'r-embroider'd grove
The Bard with bolder ſtep ſhall rove,
To Pindar's boundleſs heights aſpire,
And wake with equal skill the everlaſting lyre.
Parent of arts, oh, deign to ſmile
For ever on this happy Iſle!

W. Wyatt, B.A. of Pembroke-Hall.

GRATULATIO.

STRAVISSE gentes vidimus impias,
Emiſſa dudum ſpicula cælitus
Miniſtra pœnæ, quam luentes
Attonitæ tremuêre terræ.
Jam Pax beatis gentibus incubans,
Portas amoris clavibus aureis
Recondit; hinc deducta manant
Gaudia per populos, quieſque
Optata reddit dona Britanniæ:
Quam victa nuper ſenſit Iberia
Ultricem, et incaſſum tremendo
Regna ſimul ſociata Marte.
Diu inſolenti læta negotio,
Pacis potenti voce fugit retro
Depulſa nativas in umbras,
Cincta manu comitum malorum
Diſcordia; illic mordet aheneas
Furens catenas Seditio, et faces
Vindicta reſtinctas, et arma
Sanguine non ſatianda luget.
Gratæ ſolutam Pacis in otium
Terram coronat prodiga Copia;
Jam caſtra per deſerta, foſſaſque
Innocuas ſegetes vireſcunt,
Inſultat et munimine diruto
Impune taurus. Jam ſiluæ decus
Deſcendit in pontum, et remotæ
Indiæ in Angliacas arenas
Illæſa transfert munera; ſuſcitat
Atrâ expeditam nocte Scientia
Stipata Muſis Gratiiſque
Verticem, et ingenii ſepultos

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Accendit ignes; jam decus invidens
Turpi ſepulchro, Muſa vetat mori
Quos vera Virtus, Patriæque
Fidus Amor ſuper aſtra vexit:
Nec te ſilebit, maxime principum,
Quem regna longo Marte gementia
In ſolis occaſus ab ortu
Compoſitis venerantur armis.

J. Boſtock, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ΤΊΠΤΕ μάχης ϛυγερῆς τόσος ἵμερος εἶχε Βρεταν̓ούς;
Τίπτε λίαν ἄκοροι Κύδεος ἐϛὲ νέοι;
Ὀυκ ὑμῖν πεδίῳ ἐν ἀγήνορι ἡγεμόνευεν,
Ὀυδ' ἐνὶ ναυφθορίαις ἐυτυχέεσσι Θεὸς,
Ὡς ἄμοτον πολεμοῖτ', ὡς νηλέα θυμὸν ἔχοντες
Ἀϊὲν ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνοις ἐυχετάοισθε πόνοις.
Ἀλλ' ἄγετ' ἠδ' ἐχθρῶν ἐν ϛήθεσι θέσθε μερίμνας,
Θέσθ' αἰδῶ, πατρίαν θέσθε Δικαιοσύνην.
Ἀυτίκα μὲν φιλότητα, καὶ ὅρκια πιϛὰ τελοῦντες
Ναίετε τῆς ἔριδος νόσφιν ἀμαιμακέτου,
Κύδει τερπόμενοι· καὶ γὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτόν ἐϛιν
Ἢ δόμον, ἠὲ φίλην ἐυκλείσαντι πόλιν.
Ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἐιρήνης ἐπαμοιβαδὶς ἔργα γένοντο·
Ὀυδ' ἀρεταῖς ἄβατον Κῦδος ἐν ἡσυχίῃ.
Ὀυδὲ γὰρ ἐκ πολέμου τόσον ἀνδράσιν ἕσπετο Κῦδος,
Ὅσσον ἀπ' ἐυϛαθέος Λαοῦ ἀπημοσύνης.

Ἀλλὰ

GRATULATIO.

Ἀλλὰ τόγ' ἐκ πάντων μέγ' ὑπείροχον Ἔυχος ἄνακτι
Μείλιχ' ἐν εὐκήλοις ἔθνεσι σκῆπτρα φέρειν·
Ὃν φλογὶ κἀόμενον γλυκερῆς ἐν στήθεσι Δόξης
Μήποτ' ἑῆς φυλακὴ πατρίδος ἐξέλαθεν.
Ὃς καὶ ἐν ἐυτυχίᾳ δεινοῦ μέμνηται Ἄρηος,
Ἐιρήνης τε φίλης δηΐῳ ἐν πολέμῳ.
Κἂν ἔδαμεν τόσα φῦλ' ἐχθρῶν, ἀυτοῖσιν ὄπαζεν
Ἔυφρονι τέρπεσθαι πᾶσιν ἐλευθερίᾳ.
Κύμασιν Ὠκεανοῦ κἂν πᾶσιν ἐπ' ἀυτὸς ἀνάσσει,
Κύμασιν ἡσυχίην πᾶσιν ἔδωκεν ἄγειν.
Ὦ Ἦναξ ἱφθίμων πολύαινον ἔρεισμα Βρετανῶν,
Ὦ Πάτερ, Ὦ πασῶν ἄκρον ἄγαλμ' ἀρετῶν.
Πολλὰ σοῦ ἕινεκεν ἔθνε' ἐτέρπετο, πολλὰ καὶ ἀνδρῶν
Ἕινεκά σου ἰάχη γᾶιαν ἅπασαν ἔχει.
Ἀλλὰ σε καὶ τοιοῦτον ἐόντα μετ' ἄλγε' Ἄρηος
Ἔμπαλιν ἡσυχίης Κήδεα πολλὰ μενεῖ.
Τοῦτο δέ σοι Κῦδος κορυφοῦται ὑπέρτερον ἄλλων,
Ὃυς ἔδαμες πολέμῳ σοῦ ὑπ' ἔρωτι δαμᾶν.
Ἔθνεα δ' ἀυτὰ νεωστί σε κικλήσκουσιν Ἄνακτα
Κύμασι πόρρωθεν κείμεν' ἐν ἑσπερίοις,
Χειρὶ τεῇ σωθέντα, κακῶν τ' ἀπάνευθε μεριμνῶν
Πάντοσ' ἀείμνηστον σοίγε φέρωσι χάριν·
Καὶ σὺ ῥύοιο τάδ' ἀυτὸς ἐπίτροπος, ὥς τε γένοιτο
Ἔνθεν ἔρεισμα τεῶν ἀσφαλὲς Ἀγγλιγενῶν·
Μηδὲ Δικοστασίη κρυφίαν πνείουσα θύελλαν
Συγχοῖ ἀμοιβαίης κύματα γηθοσύνης,
Ἔνθα μέγ' ἀμφοτέρων κράτος ἔσσεται· ἔνθα μέγ' Ὦ Ἦναξ
Ἐκ σέθεν ἐξοπίσω γεινομένοισι κλέος.

R. Kirshaw, Coll. S. S. Trin. Alumnus.

GAUDETE gentes! dira potentiæ
Libido, ceſſat pectoribus ducum
Afflare virus. Nec ſuperbus
Imperii Lodovicus ardet
Proferre fines: impia prælia
Pallet recenſens. Sanguine fortium
Quæ non madeſcunt arva? quis non
Purpureâ tepet amnis undâ.
Novo tyrannus præſidio ferox,
Latéque belli ſpargere geſtiens
Incendia, imbelles Iberos
Borboniis ſociârat armis:
Sed jam triumphi ſpe poſitâ, ſapit
Modeſta, doctus vulnere non levi,
Ignavus heu! contra ruentem
Quid valeat numerus leonem.
Finem et cruento ponere GEORGIUS
Volens labori, funera civium
Mœret, fatigatumque belli
Exitio miſeratur orbem:
Juſſu potenti protenus agmina
Ceſſêre retro; Mars celeres rotas
Compreſſit: effluxêre dextrâ
Lora Dei, et metuenda turmis
Excuſſa cuſpis. Rupe Britannia
Celſâ reſidit: querna Deæ caput
Corona cingit, carbaſuſque
Cœruleus fluitat per artus.
Vultu ſereno proſpiciens mare,
Futura volvit gaudia, GEORGIO
Regnante, tum Pacis beatam
Voce diem placidâ ſalutat.

"Lux

GRATULATIO.

" Lux alma ſalve! Pax, hominum domos,
" Regeſque feſſos clade reviſere
" Dignatur: ah! belli tumultus
" Compoſitum pereant per orbem.
" Nec Marte ſolum nobilis Anglia
" Ducumque geſtis; ſunt quibus annuunt
" Dulces Camœnæ: queîs benignus
" Dat numeros citharamque Phœbus.
" Quin et, GEORGI, ne tibi munera
" Sint hæc pudori; quæ tua nomina
" Annos per æternos propagent
" Pierio decorata cantu.

C. Nevile, Coll. Emman. Socio-Commenſalis.

THE din of arms, the terror-ſtriking trump,
The roar of cannon, and the hideous yell
Of death, re-echoing o'er the purple field,
Shall fright no more — no more th' embattled pow'rs,
In terrible array, ſhall bid the tears
Of widows ceaſeleſs flow: the orphan's groans,
Which whilom o'er his clay-cold ſire he pour'd
With all the luxury of frantic Woe,
No more ſhall wound the ear — Lo! heaven-born Peace,
In whiteſt robes array'd, her golden locks
Floating diſhevell'd in the ambient wind,
To Albion bends her voluntary way.
Rejoice, ye Britons! lo! a ſportive train,
Led on by ſmiling Plenty, ſtrike the lyre,
And greet with melody their native ſhore:

'Twas GEORGE's will; obedient, lo! they come;
They come to ſmooth the iron front of War,
And bid Ambition drop his tow'ring head.
Say then, amid dread Diſcord's wild expanſe,
Britannia, ſay, did e'er thy yellow fields
Beneath the ſcourge of Deſolation groan?
Skipp'd not thy blithſome flocks as they were wont?
Low'd not thine oxen, patient of the yoke?
They did; — but Mercy, tho' herſelf ſecure,
Looks with a feeling eye on others' ills,
And drops o'er vanquiſh'd foes a pitying tear.
Could then, O GEORGE, thy tender heart untouch'd
Brook the ſad waſte, what time with giant ſtep
Fell havock ſtrode Germania's plains along
Diſtain'd with gore? what time grim-viſag'd War
O'er Cuba's ſhore pour'd forth deſtructive fire,
And proud Iberia mourn'd her thouſands ſlain,
Her glory fall'n? Could GEORGE behold unmov'd
Such ſcenes of ruthleſs woe? long, long he ſtrove
To heal the gaping wounds of venom'd rage,
And pour o'er jarring realms the balmy ſweets
Of gentle Peace: kind Heaven, that firſt inſpir'd,
Soon crown'd the Royal ſuppliant's godlike wiſh;
Pleas'd, in the laureate wreath that bound his brow,
To interweave the olive's verdant branch.
Grateful viciſſitude! now, now again
Germania ſmiles! too long inur'd to woe,
Germania ſmiles! again the ruſtic hind
In artleſs numbers chants his carol blithe,
Where bends the champaign to his furrowing plough;
And, when the lengthen'd ſhade recalls his ſteps,

GRATULATIO.

With heart-felt gladneſs tells his laughing babes
That hang around his neck; "'Tis mighty GEORGE,
"From whom theſe ſtreams of pureſt pleaſure flow."
  Rejoice, Britannia! thy pacific iſle
A Monarch rules, whoſe majeſty of mind
Rejects ev'n laurels, when diſtain'd with blood.
What, tho' fair Vict'ry ſpread her purple wings
Attendant on his banners; tho' his troops
Fought but to conquer; tho' high-creſted France
Felt his triumphant arm, and wept full oft
Her rifled treaſures; his all-bounteous heart,
Studious of common good, exulted more
To ſhed the beams of mercy on mankind,
Than guide the ſceptre of a vanquiſh'd world.
  O may'ſt thou flouriſh, Britain, ſtill confeſs'd
The pride of Europe! may thoſe golden hours,
Which now begin to dance in feſtive round,
Greet each returning morn! thy ſacred fanes
Still may Religion grace; foſt'ring thoſe arts,
Which, by the nurture of her genial hand,
Lift high their blooming heads; ſtill pour her gifts,
Her choiceſt gifts on Albion's grateful ſons;
That ages yet unborn, with joy may tell
What meeds await the godlike Friend of man,
Who fights to give a madd'ning world repoſe,
And, ev'n when injur'd, conquers but to ſave!

Luke Gardiner, Fellow-Commoner of St. John's College.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ'.

ΓΛΥΚΥ' μὲν νάυταισι φανήμεναι ἀκτὰν
Ξεινίαν, ἐυθυπνόων καίπερ ζεφύρων,
Ἐπιπλομένοις ἅλα σὺν πομ-
πᾷ· Γλυκὺ δ' ἐντὶ πόνων
Νικαφόρον ἄνδρα καλῶν λῆ-
ξαντα, συμφώνῳ γόνυ καμ-
ψέμεν Ἐιρήνᾳ. Τὸ ϗ νῦν
Ὑιέες Ἀγγλιγενῶν ἀλ-
κᾶς στεφάνωμ' ἀγέρωχον
Ἧς φορέουσι. Θεὸς
Γὰρ τοῖσι μεγάνορα Νίκαν
Ὤπασεν, ἡσυχίας
ἀσφαλὲς βάθρον· Βασι-
λῆα δ' ἄλλων ἔξοχον·
οὐ γὰρ μάχας νίνγ' ὄντ' ἄπειρον

ἈΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ'.

Δηΐων ἀνδρῶν τρομέουσι φάλαγγες·
οὐδὲ μὰν ἐυπραξίας μιν καλλιρόαις
Πνοαῖς ὑπερηνορέοντα.
ἄλλ' ὅγε μαινομένου
Δάμου κατέρυκε μένος· μέσ-
σαις δ' ἐν ὀργαῖς θοῦρον ἄρην
βροτολοιγοῦ πᾶυσε χάρμης.
Ἀλλά σε θεσπεσίαις χρὴ
Νῦν κελαδεῖν ἅμ' ἀοιδαῖς
Μοῖσα, ΓΕΩΡΓΙΑΔΩΝ
Κλεινὸν γένος, ἀφθονάταν σφιν

Μναμο-

GRATULATIO.

Μναμοσύναν ἀνεγεί-
ροντα κείνων, οἷσί περ,
Φιλτάταν Φοίβῳ πόλιν,
Γράντην ἐτιμήσαντο δώροις.

ἘΠΩΔΟ΄Σ.

Ἔσται δ' ἄρα κάι τι θανόντεσσι γέρας
ἇις ἀπ' ἀγανορίαις, τοῖς
ὅσπερ ὄλαις ἐν μάχαις Ἀγ-
γλῶν κλέος ἀρνυμένους
Μοῖρ' ἀειμνήστῳ προσέμι-
ξεν ὀλέθρῳ. Καδδ' ἄρα
Παισὶν αἰχματῶν γέρων ἄ-
εθλα δείξας, πολλὰ ΓΕΩΡ-
ΓΙΑΔΟΙΣ νικαφόρον
Ὕμνον Ἡρώεσσιν ἀείδοι, πυκινὰν
Γαρύων μῆτιν, καὶ ὑπείροχον ἀνδρῶν
Κάρτος, ἐνδ' αὐτοῖς πόθον
Ἴσον Ἐλευθερίας,
Κύδεός τ' αὖ ζᾶλον ὅμοιον ἀγείροι.

T. Wakefield, C.C.C. Alumnus.

I.

HENCE, monſter, War! — hence to the waſted plains,
Where the grim Tartar prowls for prey; where reigns
Wide Deſolation! — long thy iron ſway
Has Europe mourn'd; — long haſt thou mark'd thy way
O'er her diſpeopled realms with crimſon'd ſtride!
Too oft the juſt have bled, the guiltleſs died!

Too oft thy rage hath wak'd the parent's ſigh,
Call'd forth the widow's tear, the orphan's cry;
Blaſted the produce of the fruitful field,
Whate'er ſprings promiſe, or what autumns yield;
With impious aim hath nature's ſelf laid low,
And wounded nations at a ſingle blow!
—Hence, ſavage monſter, War, to Scythia's coaſt!
There reign, fit colleague! with perpetual froſt!
There in hot blood bathe deep thy thirſty hand,
For ever exil'd from this happier land!—
—But come, fair Peace! ſweet Seraph, come and ſmile
On Europe's haraſs'd realms, on Britain's iſle!
Awake thou heav'n-appointed hour,
Deſtin'd upon thy orient wing
The wand'rer, Peace, again to bring,
The lovely wand'rer! back to Britain's ſhore!

II.

And lo! ſhe comes! —a flood of light
Burſts from yon parting cloud! — confeſt
The Goddeſs ſhines! — her ſnowy veſt
Looſe floats in air! — ſhe comes! ſhe fills the ſight!
"Hail Peace! earth's bleſſing, Heaven's delight! — "
She comes! — ſmite loud the ſounding lyre,
Swell the ſacred note ſtill higher;
Raiſe it with the riſing gale! —
The Goddeſs hears! — "All hail!" —
See, a dove ſit on her creſt,
(Emblem of her ſoft beheſt!)
One hand an olive-branch adorn,
The other Plenty's wreathed horn!
O mark the Goddeſs! ſee! ſun-bright,

Tho'

Tho' mild as morn, her eye on all
Bids ſoft-ſtreaming radiance fall;
Yet chief regards with ſoft delight,
Yet chief beholds with partial ſmile,
The gen'rous ſons of Britain's iſle,
Who late, tho' injur'd, bade War's fury burn,
Who oft, tho' conqu'ring, woo'd her glad return!
See! as ſhe ſmiling wings her way,
The warrior's glitt'ring blade, high-rais'd in air,
Stops; —— his ſtern frowns, deep-menacing diſmay,
Straight a gentler aſpect wear,
His hand, in act to ſtrike, ſuſpends the blow,
And courts the claſp of his admiring foe! —

III.

Now the loud trump, dread harbinger of War,
The hollow drum, hoarſe-murm'ring from afar,
The clarion ſhrill, the cannon's brazen roar,
Shall wake again the peaceful morn no more!
Now, Flora, liſt thy ſmiling head,
Chequer ſweet the daiſied mead;
Wake again the ſlumb'ring gloom,
Bid each gale breathe ſoft perfume,
Fearleſs of War's untimely waſte: —
For ſee! far hence the ruthleſs ſpoiler chac'd!
The hind well-pleas'd now ſpeeds his annual toil,
Nor dreads again the lawleſs plund'rer's ſpoil.
Now the glad merchant to each fav'ring breeze
Spreads the wide ſail, and ploughs ſecure the ſeas,
Wings his bold courſe through ev'ry varying zone,
And makes the wealth of diſtant realms his own;
Now burns, ſun-beat, on Afric's ſultry coaſt,
Now ſhivers pierc'd with Iceland's keeneſt froſt;

Yet

Yet ſhivers now, now burns, rejoic'd the while,
Since Peace and Safety bleſs his various toil. —

IV.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, Peace! thou the kind ſource
Whence theſe, whence more than theſe, derive their courſe
Enriching all! —— yet from thy gift, alone
Our ſeagirt iſles a bliſs peculiar own.
For ſay; (— ſhall the bold Muſe thus high aſpire?)
O ſay, could GEORGE; — ſay, could the Royal Sire
Of him, whoſe birth late wak'd a nation's joy,
And bade full rapture fluſh each Briton's eye; —
Say, could he teach to bloom the infant bud
In which lies Albion's ev'ry hope enſhrin'd;
To ev'ry patriot, ev'ry princely good,
Say, could he duly form his op'ning mind,
Torn from the fond employ by War's alarms,
The call of kingdoms, and the rage of arms?
Now the ſweet task, — thanks to thy gentler pow'r,
Which bids him, Atlas-like, awhile transfer
To weaker ſhoulders his important care, —
May oft engage retirement's golden hour.
O GEORGE! great King! in whom with raptur'd eyes
Britannia ſees her ſecond Alfred riſe,
Eager to launch her thunder on her foes,
More eager ſtill the wounds of War to cloſe!
O thou, thy ſubject's guardian, and his guide!
All Europe's terror, envy; — yet its pride!
Bid him, thy ſon, purſue thy heav'n taught-plan,
The tyrant's ſcourge, the friend of man to man.
Give him to catch from thee the heav'n-born fire;
Give him to emulate his godlike ſire,

Who,

GRATULATIO.

Who, when o'er Taio's waſte-devoted plain
Oppreſſion late high ſhook her iron chain,
Roſe and forbade the monſter to devour;
Roſe and preſerv'd — O virtuous uſe of pow'r!
To Taio's ſons their king, their rights, their laws,
Eſpouſing ſtill, like Heav'n, the injur'd ſuppliant's cauſe!
Teach him to be — for oh! what more
Can man attain, the Muſe implore? —
Like thee, whom ev'ry tongue delighted ſings,
The beſt of Men, and beſt-belov'd of Kings!

Geo. Travis, Scholar of St. John's College.

CONDANTUR enſes, horridæ ceſſent tubæ,
Et ſileat armorum fragor.
Ferrata belli GEORGIUS repagula,
Janique clauſit limina.
Potens ſubactis imperare gentibus,
Idemque pacis arbiter.
Satis malorum ſenſit, et infortunii
Inauſpicata Gallia;
Satiſque campis, atque Neptuno ſuper
Fuſum eſt Britanni ſanguinis.
Ad juſta cum te provocat certamina
Superbus hoſtium furor,
Rex, occidentis uſque ad ultimum ſinum
Forti triumphas milite;
Tibi peruſtus cedet Afer, et tui
Agnoſcit imperî jugum,
Seu Gallicis ſit, ſive Ibericis prius
Subjecta dominis India:
Quà Phœbus oritur, quà cadit, quà maximus
Ganges, et Ohio volvitur.

Quáque inſularum divites per ambitus
Se fundit extremum mare.
At cum ſub æquis feſſa conditionibus
Pacis coerceri rogat,
Studioſa belli Gallia, atque Gallicâ
Decepta fraude Hiſpania;
Tu ſupplicûm pacificus audîſti precem,
Et rediit Europæ quies.
Ergo manebit merita te felicitas,
Et tempus omne concinet,
Ut Gallus audax ſpreverit clementiam,
Pulſuſque vinci renuerit;
Ut inſolentem victor arrogantiam
Veros redegeris ad metus;
Tum pace terris redditâ, victoriæ
Præpoſueris olivæ decus.
Injurioſis hoſtibus vivas timor,
Regnique propugnaculum.
Et quos honores Patriæ præſtas, Tibi
Patria redonet invicem.

Thomas Chamberlayne, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

I.

THE gayly-gilded ſtream of light,
Beaming from its wavy bed,
Plays on the purple cloud of night.
Huſh'd is the thunder's awful ſound,
No lightnings glare around,
No terrors from the clanging ſhield
Awake the frantic arm of war;

GRATULATIO.

Deſolation quits the field,
Upborn in regal ſtate in blood-enerimſon'd car.

II.

Mild as Zephyr's breezy wing,
Bright as Heſper's lucid ray,
Riſe, fair Peace,—and with thee bring
The Sun of pure delight.
In gaudy trim and richly dight
Let thy looſe robe wanton play:
No ruder winds ſhall tear
The ringlets of thy graceful hair;
For thou, like Cynthia queen of night,
Shalt beam the ſolemn ſtillneſs of thy ſilver light.

III.

With thee be ſeen
Diſporting on the ample green
The nymphs that wanton in thy reign:
And foremoſt of the train,
Friſking wild in artleſs glee,
The wood-nymph Liberty.
By her the weary'd ſwain
Enjoys the pittance of his toil-earn'd gain;
Supremely bleſt,
Sinks in the downy arms of balmy reſt.
Power's lawleſs ſword
Waſtes not the rich-pil'd board,
Where either India glows
And Nectar's purple ſtream profuſely flows.

IV.

Science raiſe thy piercing eye,
The wonders of th' expanſe deſcry,

Sail

Quáque inſularum divites per ambitus
Se fundit extremum mare.
At cum ſub æquis feſſa conditionibus
Pacis coerceri rogat,
Studioſa belli Gallia, atque Gallicâ
Decepta fraude Hiſpania;
Tu ſupplicûm pacificus audîſti precem,
Et rediit Europæ quies.
Ergo manebit merita te felicitas,
Et tempus omne concinet,
Ut Gallus audax ſpreverit clementiam,
Pulſuſque vinci renuerit;
Ut inſolentem victor arrogantiam
Veros redegeris ad metus;
Tum pace terris redditâ, victoriæ
Præpoſueris olivæ decus.
Injurioſis hoſtibus vivas timor,
Regnique propugnaculum.
Et quos honores Patriæ præſtas, Tibi
Patria redonet invicem.

Thomas Chamberlayne, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

I.

THE gayly-gilded ſtream of light,
Beaming from its wavy bed,
Plays on the purple cloud of night.
Huſh'd is the thunder's awful ſound,
No lightnings glare around,
No terrors from the clanging ſhield
Awake the frantic arm of war;

GRATULATIO.

Deſolation quits the field,
Upborn in regal ſtate in blood-enerimſon'd car.

II.

Mild as Zephyr's breezy wing,
Bright as Heſper's lucid ray,
Riſe, fair Peace,—and with thee bring
The Sun of pure delight.
In gaudy trim and richly dight
Let thy looſe robe wanton play:
No ruder winds ſhall tear
The ringlets of thy graceful hair;
For thou, like Cynthia queen of night,
Shalt beam the ſolemn ſtillneſs of thy ſilver light.

III.

With thee be ſeen
Diſporting on the ample green
The nymphs that wanton in thy reign:
And foremoſt of the train,
Friſking wild in artleſs glee,
The wood-nymph Liberty.
By her the weary'd ſwain
Enjoys the pittance of his toil-earn'd gain;
Supremely bleſt,
Sinks in the downy arms of balmy reſt.
Power's lawleſs ſword
Waſtes not the rich-pil'd board,
Where either India glows
And Nectar's purple ſtream profuſely flows.

IV.

Science raiſe thy piercing eye,
The wonders of th' expanſe deſcry,

Sail

Sail thro' the boundleſs realms of ſpace,
And other worlds in unknown regions trace.
Strike ye the magic lyre!
Let Fancy mount on eagle wing;
Breathe the fervor of the Theban fire,
And rouſe the muſic of each rapt'rous ſtring!
For who amidſt the din of arms,
When Death proud ſtalks in night-alarms,
Could wake the ſoothing ſtrain?
Loſt is the whiſpering gale
Where thund'ring torrents roll their ſtreams amain.

V.

Reclin'd in roſeate bowers
When lightly fly the downy Hours,
The grateful Muſe ſhall artful weave
The gift of her immortal wreathe,
For thoſe who ſhook the trembling ſpear,
Uncheck'd by fear
Amidſt the blood-ſtain'd ſtrife,
And gave the liberal gift of generous life.
Uprais'd on wings ſublime
'Tis thine to viſit every diſtant clime:
Glory ſhall rouſe at thy melodious ſtrain,
Whether on Minden's plain,
Or where old Ocean laves
Canadia's trackleſs realm with his unbounded waves.

VI.

Vocal Nymphs, ye haunt no more
Ilyſſus' hallow'd ſhore,
Or where old Tiber rolls his tide:
There jarring Diſcords murmur round,
Where erſt each pleaſing ſound

Rapt

Rapt the ſoul in extaſy;
Savage Fury fires the sky,
Sad Superſtition ſhakes her vengeful rod;
Each monument of grace
Falls at ſome ſullen tyrant's frantic nod.
For ye, fair Nymphs, diſdain to dwell
Where ſlavery opes her iron cell.
But Albion, daughter of the Sea,
Shall in her potent arms infold
The rulers of ſweet harmony.
Such ſtrains ſhall warble wild
As erſt, on Avon's ruſhy-fringed ſide,
Sweet Fancy ſtruck with flying hand,
And ſooth'd her amber waves that murmuring glide.

VII.

From the bliſsful ſeats above,
Rob'd in ſtole of pureſt white,
Deſcend, Religion, ſtar-crown'd maid,
Mild ray of heav'nly love.
Deign to grace the buſy throng
With the full ſplendor of meridian day,
Or like ſome fading meteors idly gay
In wayward dance they 'll lead their ſteps along.
Lo! from the regions of etherial light
Thou beameſt heavenly bright.
Around fair Peace what glories ſhine!
O piteous Nymph benign,
Long deign with influence mild to ſmile
On GEORGE's bliſsful hours, and grace fair Albion's iſle!

Michael Tyſon, Scholar of C. C. C.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUANTA per Europam, ſævo turbante tumultu,
Armorum rabies, et vis inimica madentes
Sanguine tinxit agros! Quis non diſcrimina belli
Flet populus? Teque O! quæ tantas undique turbas,
Anglia, et hoſtilem ſpreviſti tuta furorem;
Te quoque victricem in medio doluiſſe triumpho
Crediderim. Nunc agricolæ deſerta queruntur
Paſcua, et exiles in campo ſurgere meſſes,
Abrepto cultore, dolent: nunc cuique recurſat
Privatæ pia cura domûs, quæ plurima luctu
Maternos tetigit ſenſus, cum funere natus
Crudeli ſævoque inſons cadit hoſtia Marti,
Interea magnorum animos mortalia regum
Pertentant: dulcem nec reſpexiſſe quietem,
Nec juſtas placâſſe iras, pacemque recuſat
Fœderibus ſanxiſſe piis, cui cura ſuorum,
Cui cordi eſt amor, et magnæ clementia mentis.
Percitus his ſtimulis, animique angore fidelis
Reſpiciens luctum populi, lacrymabile condi
GEORGIUS ipſe jubet ferrum; non immemor idem
Qui famæ ſimul, et genti moderamine juſto
Conſulat, et Pacem Patriæ componat honeſtam:
Non illi veſanus honor, non gloria mentem
Ceperat, ut miſeras inimicâ ſtrage per urbes
Iret ovans, traheretque, nefas! crudelia bella.
En! honor, en! melior victori gloria, qualem
Splendida Romulidûm, ſervatis civibus, olim
Terra dedit: quis felices memorare recuſet
Bellorum eventus, mediis ubi fœdera bellis
Brunſviacus Pacemque colit. Potuiſſet inultus
Et terras regere, et victis dominarier undis:
At voluit caſus miſereri, animoſque repreſſos

Bor-

GRATULATIO.

Borbonidûm. Lugebit enim, quo fœdere fretus,
Quove dolo luſus Britonum ſibi Cantaber iras
Intulerit. Nec magna feret præconia laudum
Gallia, cum Princeps armis felicibus hoſtis
Repulit inſidias, et inanes contudit auſus.
Aſpice et Angliacæ quæ jam commercia genti,
Quà latus occiduum, quà primi limina ſolis
Panduntur. Decus hoc, hæc belli præmia virtus
Noſtra tulit, terræque ſimul ſibi vindicat uni,
Imperiumque maris: dum victo ex hoſte tropæa,
Additaque imperiis nova noſtris regna manebunt
Non indigna diù Britonum memorare triumphos.

Humphredus Sumner, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

HIGH on a cliff, whoſe ſolitary brow
Frown'd o'er the deep tempeſtuous gulph below,
Britannia ſat; full frequent heav'd the ſigh,
And grief's dull languiſh floated in her eye;
With wild emotion ev'ry feature wrought,
Her air was ſorrow, and her look was thought.
What? tho' the palm her cinctur'd temples bound,
And vict'ry's clarion breath'd her fame around;
Twines not the thorn thro' glory's laureate wreath,
Or ſwells not conqueſt's ſound the blaſt of death?
Penſive ſhe ſaw her People's ſtreaming gore
Tinge ev'ry ſea, and float on ev'ry ſhore.
Nor War alone deſtroy'd th'embattled train;
The clime pour'd wrath, and ev'ry breeze was bane.
But lo! fair Peace in radiant pride deſcends,
And meek-ey'd Virtue at her ſide attends;

While

While Union's angel-form aloft in air
Waves his white enſign o'er th'immortal pair.
Onward they bear the olive's golden bough,
And braid its foliage round Britannia's brow;
Sooth'd by the boon her ſorrows ſink to reſt,
And joy relumes the ſun-ſhine of her breaſt.
So when the dove, from nature's wild uproar,
Her ſpoil fair-blooming to the Patriarch bore,
His lifted eye the branch of Peace ador'd,
And hail'd the omen of a World reſtor'd.
Come then, bleſt Concord! come, ye Halcyon hours!
No trumpet clangs, no wrathful thunder roars:
On Wezer's banks no more deſtruction raves,
The vineyard purples and the harveſt waves;
Where arms loud claſh'd, and foes encounter'd foes,
The flow'rets bloſſom and the flocks repoſe:
Plenty and Pleaſure lead their choral band,
And ev'ry bleſſing ſpreads o'er ev'ry land.
Let ſcepter'd Tyrants mount the trophied car,
And ſcatter havock from the wheels of War;
Curſt by mankind, they lance the lightning's flame,
And ſink in virtue as they riſe in fame.
Far nobler He, who ſheaths the murderous blade,
And cloaths his mountains with the olive's ſhade;
Whoſe patriot wiſdom civil life refines,
Whoſe radiance warms and bleſſes as it ſhines.
Such Britain's Prince; whoſe dawning beam diſplays
The milder glories of unſully'd praiſe:
'Tis His to break Oppreſſion's galling chain,
And fix o'er India Freedom's gentler reign.
See! where on Canada's untutor'd youth
Already beam the rays of heav'n-born truth!—

See!

GRATULATIO.

See! plume-crown'd Chiefs each ſocial bleſſing taſte,
And riſing towers adorn th' illumin'd waſte!
See! cultur'd meads their golden fruits diſplay,
Where rang'd the hunter, ſavage as his prey!
No more the Sachem views Kiwaſa's form
Frown in the cloud, or mutter in the ſtorm;
Religion's beams the darkſome miſts diſpell,
Which Ign'rance broods in Superſtition's cell.
E'en there ſhall Science ſpread her hallow'd ſtore,
And Art's fair empire grace Ontario's ſhore;
Some future Locke with Reaſon's keeneſt ray
Pierce the rich fount of intellectual Day,
The ſubtle ties of complex thought unbind,
And fix each movement of the varying mind;
Some ſecond Newton trace Creation's laws
Thro' each dependance to the ſovereign cauſe;
Some Milton plan his bold impaſſion'd theme,
Stretch'd on the banks of Orellana's ſtream;
Another Shakeſpear ſhall Ohio claim,
And boaſt its flood ally'd to Avon's fame.
There too ſhall Sculpture warm the featur'd ſtone,
And Canvas glow with beauties not its own;
With BRUNSWIC's Name ſhall each Savannah ſound,
And Attic Muſes ſport on Indian ground.

So when Auguſtus bade his conqueſts ceaſe,
Again he triumph'd in the works of Peace;
With Honor's wreath the civic palm entwin'd,
Poliſh'd with arts, with laws reform'd mankind;
Supreme he roſe, the Father of his State,
Good without Pride, and amiably great.

John Law, Tancred's Student of Chriſt's Coll.

בטל תרועת מלחמה
קם שלום זית עדוי
ומני פקד יגבים
ואזרח שכב כל בוזה׃

ועתה סמוך כליו
שר פותות זמירות אכר
ואתה קציר הוא חזה
אויבי ארצו עתה בו׃

חן חופים המים זעקה
ובמקחת כתפות
ובבצר כל עדפים
ורכל לא איב כל גר׃

חדוה על־פני כל נראת
ויבש דמעה נפלה אם
שכבר חרנה בעד־בן
הוא במלחמת פן אבד׃

Thomas Bennett, Coll. S. S. Trin.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ᾽ ά.

Ποτνί᾽ Ἐιρήνα, Δίκας με-
γισόπολ᾽ αὐλάδελφε,
ὀλβοδότειρα τῶν
ἔγχει πολευόντων βεβλῶν,
ἐνὶ χερσὶν τὸ φύλλον ἐ-

λαίας

λαίας ἐπιφέροισα,
ἤλυθες φίλοφρον Ἐιράνα,
ἁλικίας πρὶν
καμείσας ἐν Ὠκεανῷ,
ἱππομάχων τε φασγάνῳ
μελανδέτῳ δαμασθέντων,
ἀώτου ἐκταμέντος ἀνδρῶν
ἐγρεμαχᾶν δαΐων·

ἈΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦῊ ά.

Ὅι ῥ' ἵκοντες Κελτίκαθεν
ἀθρόοι, οἳ δὲ γαῖαν
ἀμφινέμοντες Καν-
ταβρῶν ἔυμαλον, νάματα
ἔπι καλλιῤῥόου Ταγοῦ·
Ἀλλ' ἥδε μία γᾶ ῥέ'
ἐξέχει καὶ οἷα δισσοῖσιν ἔθ-
νεσσ' ἀτάλαντος.
Ὅ τ' ὄλβος μέγας, ἥ τ' ἀρε-
τὰ Ἰγλιγενῶν μέγα φρονεῖ
παρ' ἔθνεσιν τῶν Γαλατῶν,
καὶ ἂν γᾶν Ἰνδικὰν, νέας τε
Ἀμερικῶν πόλεας.

ἘΠΩΔῸΣ ά.

Ἁμετέρους γὰρ ἀγοὺς αἰ-
ὲν κράτει μεγάνορι
χαλκοβόας προσέμιξεν
Ἄρης. Ὑιὲ τῶν Ἀγγλιγενῶν, πολέμεν

Κλειτὲ

Κλειτὲ λαγέτα, ϗ μεμαλὼς
ἐξόχαισιν ἀρεταῖς,
ἤτοι ῥα τεὸν παρὰ γάιᾳ πατρίδι
ἀκλεὲς κῦδος κατεφυλ-
λορόησε δεξιᾶς,
εἰ μὴ ἐν ναυσὶν κατέπεμψαν ἐφ' ὑγρᾶς
σὺν στράτοφίν σε Βρετανοὶ κρα-
τοῦντ' ἀπίστων Κελτιβηρῶν
γᾶν ἄμαχον πολύχρυ-
σον· ὁ κρατῶν δ' ἐς βιότου
τέλος ἔχει καλὰν γλυκεῖαν

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ' β'.

εὐδίαν οἰκείαις ἀρού-
ραισιν, ἕκατι νίκας·
ϗ δαΐων ἀπὸ πύρ-
γων ἑλὼν τὰ τροπαῖ, ἔστα-
σεν Ἰβηρικᾶς ἀκρόθι-
να μάχας, μεγαλοκευθοῦς
ἐν μυχῷ κεκασμένῳ ναοῦ,
Παιδοτρόφον πα-
ρὰ Γράνταν, ἐφ' ὕδατα Κά-
μοιο, ἵν' ἰδρίας φρένα
ἀώτῳ ἡβόων δαίδαλ-
λε, ϗ δρέπεν θεοκτίτων ἄ-
κρας κορυφὰς ἀρετᾶν.

ἈΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ' β'.

ἀλλὰ κλειτὰ γὰρ Ἐιράνα
ἤλυθε τᾷδε γαίᾳ

ἀντι-

GRATULATIO.

ἀντιχαρεῖσ' ἐκ μὲν
δὴ μαχᾶν φθισιμβρότων λήσ-
μονα θέσθαι φρέν', ἠδ' ἔχειν
ἱρὰς ἀνὰ πόλιν χρὴ
δαῖτας, ἔντεσίν θ' ἅμ' αὐλῶν μὲν
ἁδυλόγοις, κε-
λάδοντάς τε κώμοις μελι-
γάρυσι τὸν μεγασθενῆ
Θεὸν, καὶ εἰπόντας ἔυγμα-
τα. Λίσσομαι, Πάτερ, διδοίης,
ἥσυχος ὡς κατὰ δῶ

ἘΠΩΔῸΣ β'.

Ἐυρυμέδων ὁ Φίλιππος,
λαγέτας θ' ὁ τῶν Γαλα-
τῶν κλυτὸς ἐυρὺ ἀνάσσων
μὶν ἐχῃ, ναυσίστονον ὕβριν ἰδὼν,
τὰν ἐν Ὠκεανοῦ ῥοαῖσιν,
ἄν θ' ὅλον πέλαγος, ἄν-
δρεσσ' ἁμετέροισι δαμασθείς· καὶ Σὺ δ' ὃς
ἀμφέπεις σκᾶπτον μεγαλο-
πόλιως Βρετανίδος,
πραὺς ἀστοῖσιν Βασιλεὺς, πόλιν αὖξ' ἐυ-
ανορίαισι τεὰν κλειταῖς·
τὶν δὲ τοῦ λαοῦ τὸν τύραννον,
εἴ τινα θνατὸν, ἕπεθ'
ὁ μέγας πότμος· πάθε δ' ἦυ,
ὡς πάρος, πολλῶν ταμία.

Martinus Whiſh, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

AD REGEM.

JAM ſatis heroum laus eſt decorata Camœnis,
Aurea nunc blandæ recolamus munera Pacis,
Cum neque terribiles accendit buccina pugnas,
Triſtia nec juvenes irato funera ponto
Experti, dulceſque domos, atque arva relinquunt
Matribus heu! flendi, quos et dum floruit ætas,
Patria ſuſpexit ſibi pignora certa ſalutis.
Nunc meliora tibi fauſtis ſurgentia ſignis
Auguror. — ut læto ſubrident omnia vultu!
En! iterum radios præclara Scientia fundit,
Et quas ipſe colit, tutatur GEORGIUS artes.
Sunt quos mendaci deceptos gloria fuco
Abripit, atque virûm clamor, clangorque tubarum,
Vulneraque, et tela, et ſanguis, gemituſque cadentûm;
Cæſaris hinc multis inflata cupidine corda,
Splendida facta movent, et parti fama triumphi,
Nec memorat quiſquam digno mitiſſima cantu
Regna Numæ: ſua ſit bello laus, ſed ſua Paci.
Cùm trepidi fugiunt Galli, cùm fulminat armis
Marlburus, et coràm ſtupet ipſe Eugenius: illum
Attentè inſpiciens, ſuperantem humana, quis audet
Eximiam tantis meritis prohibere coronam?
Atqui nunc reſtant majora. Domeſtica curas
Poſcunt ingentes; et quos civilia totos
Abſorbent, quos ſemper in ardua patria fidos
Evocat, his pulchræ contingat gloria palmæ.
Scilicet eſt magnum ſævas componere lites,
Fœdera ſancire, et quandò nos alma potentes
Imperio, inſignes ſpoliis, populiſque ſubactis
Reddiderit fortuna, uno tot grandia magnum eſt

Com-

GRATULATIO.

Complecti intuitu, leges, et jura tueri
Optima, quæ valeant; nec tantùm poſſe cavere
In præſens, animo præſens ſed habere futurum.
Non equidem victis effuſa ſuperbia Regem
Crudelem oſtendit turmis; non barbara noſtris
Curribus affixos, miſeris quibus aſpera ſors eſt,
Derident ſpectac'la; pio manſuetior ille
Pectore, prudentique animo mortalia volvens,
Ipſam fortunæ rabiem, populique tumultus
Compeſcit, juſtoque tenet moderamine ſceptra.
Talibus auſpiciis en! gaudia quanta Britannis
Quos communis amor, quos lenia juſſa beatos
Connectunt; aliis aſt tædia longa laborum,
Peſſima ſervitii domino præſtare coactis.
Talibus auſpiciis en! quantùm nobilis ardor,
Cùm teneram ſtudiis mentem firmaverit ætas
Dilectumque tibi, et nobis, ſtimulabit Iulum!
Nam ſimul ac rerum ſapiens exquirere cauſas
Noverit, eventus varios, et regna tenenti
Quæ ſubeunda manent, cui famam dente maligno,
Vel minimo erranti lapſu, convicia rodunt:
Tum tua reſpiciat quæ pleno lumine ſplendent
Facta, tuas affectantem rectiſſima laudes
Excitet ambitio, ſimilemque in poſtera tradat.

S. Sulivan, Emman. Coll.

WHAT light reſplendent through th' aſtoniſh'd ſhade
Darts quiv'ring rays and ſhoots along the glade?
'Tis Mars: behold his fiery eye-balls gleam!
Behold the flaſhing armour's vivid beam!
See where Diſmay and Horror flame confeſt,
Low'r on his brow, or bask upon his breaſt!
He ſounds th' eſtatic tube: now loudly riſe
The ſpreading notes, and echo through the skies:
Not ſuch a ſound amaz'd the hoſtile ſhore,
When Pocock bade the Britiſh thunders roar;
While our glad enſigns flutter'd o'er the coaſt,
And ſad Iberia mourn'd her Cuba loſt.
All nature ſtarts convuls'd: fir'd by the ſound
The warrior pants, the proud ſteed ſhakes the ground:
Pale Horror drives afar the ſmiling Loves,
And Slaughter revels through the ruin'd groves.
Nations were ſhook, were ſunk; Gaul quits the plain,
And yields the envied trident of the main.
Here Saxony her ſlaughter'd chiefs bemoans,
Oppreſt by armies there Weſtphalia groans:
Here Aſiatic heroes ſtrew the ground,
Her tawny ſons in ſervile fetters bound
There Afric mourns, and weeps o'er every wound.
Diſcord herſelf was cloy'd, when GEORGE aroſe,
And wept his private in the public woes.
'Twas his from cares the wearied mind t'unbend,
And from the Sov'reign drop into the friend.
'Twas his to ſigh for gallant Courtney's fate,
In Howe lament the guardian of his ſtate;
And when his Britain her ſlain Wolfe bemoan'd,
The Friend, the Monarch, and the Hero groan'd.

GRATULATIO.

"Europe, be wiſe", he cry'd, "let diſcord ceaſe":
The liſt'ning world obey'd, and all was Peace.
No more Golconda ſhakes with our alarms,
Or either India rouzes up to arms.
Struck with an unknown awe the ſavage ſtands,
And drops the poiſon'd arrow from his hands.
Now arts ariſe: ſpontaneous ſprings the grove,
And weaves th' embow'ring arch of roſeate love,
The maſſy ball, which with the whirlwinds haſte
Through fields diſtain'd with gore impetuous paſt,
With joyful murmurs greets the brighten'd skies,
And ſtrikes a pleaſing terror as it flies.
If chance we wander where the riv'let ſtrays,
We ſee the Muſes trim their ruffled bays:
If chance we ſtray along the ſportive plain,
The Graces there have fix'd their pleaſing reign.
On every mead the Dryads rove around,
And the ſoft cittern yields a ſilver ſound.
What praiſes then are due to GEORGE's name!
Who bade the Muſe purſue the path of fame,
Who gave her to the plains which now ſhe greets,
And drove the furies from her hallow'd ſeats;
Who, when the long conteſted world was won,
And conquer'd thouſands gaz'd on BRUNSWIC's Son,
Check'd half his ſtrength — withheld th' impending wave,
And, whom he ſcorn'd to conquer, deign'd to ſave.

William Bennet, Emmanuel College.

QUIS tanto Deus otium è tumultu
Effecit? modò terruere bella
Gentes; horrida bella luctuoſam
Per terras modò miſcuere cladem:
Luctûs Anglia ſat ſuperque novit,
Partis ſanguine civium triumphis,
At Paci bonus, at timendus armis,
Belli ferrea clauſtra, cardineſque
Clauſit GEORGIUS, otiumque juſſit
Pacatum renovarier per orbem:
Tu terræ dominus, tuoque, GEORGI,
Felix auſpicio otiatur orbis,
Juravit tibi jam nivalis arctos;
Et magnos oriens dedit triumphos:
Tu laudum cumulo beatus, arma
Tendis, quà vagus Hercules et Evan,
Ad rubrum mare, et occidentis oras,
Bellique arbiter, arbiterque Pacis.
Intermittite, ruſtici, labores:
Centum altaria, victimaſque centum
Umbroſis decet immolare lucis.
Auroram inter et Heſperum GEORGÎ
Dextrâ Pax hilares reviſit agros;
Ad præſepia plena ſtate, colla
Intexti nitidis, boves, corollis;
Veſtrum Pace, boves, opus redibit:
Pax nutrit ſata læta; rura Pacem
Agnoſcunt, reducique gratulantur;
Artes Pace vigent, vigent Camœnæ,
Et Phœbus Pater, aſſidentibuſque

Cum

GRATULATIO.

Cum Muſis, canit Ipſe, Literarum
Pax nutrix generoſa; Te, GEORGI,
Te, Pax, auſpice, mox in aſtra tollet
Arx Grantæ caput, Ingenî latentis
Quæ ſemen tenerum potens fovere
Dat floreſcere, dat referre fructus;
Et quæ corda potens juventiorum
Divinâ pietate roborare,
Doctrinæ ſchola, ſeminariumque
Virtutis, decus Angliæ emicabit:
Sis, Pax, perpetua; et tibi, GEORGI,
Qui Pacis ſator, ut mereris, audis,
Annorum tibi candidæ Sorores
Producant ſeriem, tuumque nomen
Per longum maneat perenne ſæc'lum.

Joannes Grover, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

AUREA conceſſit requiem Concordia terris;
Jamque tubæ clangor, cædeſque, et pulſa receſſit
Martis hyems, populiſque æſtas renovatur et anno.
Undiqùe lætitiæ ceu conſcia gemmat arbor
Flore novo, rident campi; concentibus auram
Demulcent volucres; quìn pleno copia cornu
Spargit opes, meliúſque nitent puro æthere ſoles.
Arma canant alii, caſtriſque minantia caſtra,
Regnorum fremitus, enſeſque in mutua ſtrictos
Pectora, Mavortis rabiem, plumbique procellas:

Non

Non ea vis nobis; neque noſtræ in prælia muſæ
Sufficiunt; vellem potiùs ſic ſtratus in umbrâ
Percipere, et gratus meditari munera Pacis.
Quale ſub arctoo populis degentibus axe
Phœbeus radius, jàm primâ luce rependens
Semeſtreſque hyemes, et longæ tædia noctis:
Tale, quies nobis; occluſaque limina belli et
Otia ſecuras hominum pandentia portas.
Vos, manus Heroum, quorum felicibus auſis
Plena laceſſito rediit vindicta Britanno,
Tandem exorta dies, ſibi quàm promittere nemo
Auderet, ſalvis quæ pignora quæque penates
Reddat, et emerito faciat vos Marte colonos.
En! natale ſolum poſitis exercitus armis
Lætus adit, jàm conſumptis terræque mariſque
Bellorumque minis; redeuns et in oſcula fidæ
Conjugis enarrare exhauſta pericula geſtit,
Vulneraque oſtentat generoſo in pectore miles.
Aggredere hinc lætos Pacis curare triumphos,
Albion, atque artes dùm ſurgunt, auſpice Rege
Ventos vela vocent, totumque expanſa per æquor
Ignotis faciant iter in commercia terris,
Oſtendantque polis famamque et facta GEORGÎ.

Joannes Croſley, Coll. Div. Joh. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

ORDINE ſuccedunt placidoque audita tenore
Vota fluunt: nondum populi pia murmura Regem
Deſierant celebrare recentem, cum nova Plauſûs
Materies CAROLETTA aderat; cum laurea feſtis
Acceſſit thalami ſertis, nomenque mariti
Victoris cumulavit honos; cum Regia proles
Edita, vix reſides tulit in nova carmina Muſas,
Lætitiâque iterum Britonas perfudit ovantes.
Hactenus in curſu fuimus; ſed, proh dolor! ipſas
Hæſimus ad metas; et qui modo dura peroſi
Militiæ, requiem belli, finemque laborum
Sperabant, nunc arma volunt; fœduſque precantur
Infectum, et pacis ſortem execrantur iniquam:
Non quia perpetuis juvat indulgere triumphis,
Et nullum ſervare modum; ſed caſtra periclis
Ingratis conſumpta gemunt, rebuſque minores
Eventus, actumque nihil virtute ſecundâ,
Intellecta parum dum commoda fœdus in hoſtes
Tranſcribit, fruiturque adverſis Gallia bellis.
Hoc erat, ut miles ſub eodem tempore pugnas
Innumeras gereret, geminum diſperſus in axem;
Barbaricaſque acies, agmenque imbellis Iberi,
Et Gallum terris proſterneret, æquore Gallum;
Scilicet ut patriam claram victricibus armis
Pace triumphatam, et domitæ ludibria genti
Cerneret; ut tantis etiamnum pondus acerbum
Creſceret impenſis; ut cura odioſa malignas
Sanciret leges atque invida jura colonis?
Neve aliter plorant nova vectigalia, quam ſi
Nativo veniens aquilone incumberet hortis

Tempeſtas, rueretque gravi pomaria flatu:
Si tamen arboribus tantum vel letifer annus
Vel triſtes nocuere hyemes, quam dura tributi
Conditio, legumque admorſo in ſtirpe cicatrix.
Quantos illa virûm gemitus Devonia prælis
Nobilis, et multùm debens Herfordia Muſis
Indigenis, egere; et quæ, Sabrina, ciebas
Murmura, cum totis flevit Glovernia ripis,
Impoſitos mœrens cenſus, et non ſua poma?
Hæccine bellorum merces, cum viderit æſtas
Septima pugnantes! hæc tandem digna laborum
Præmia jam ſero victoria retulit anno!
Nec ſubit interea, quantis ſe gloria rebus
Angliaca attollit; quam lato crevit adauctu
Imperii moles; quam tuto marmore vector
Navigat, et lacero pacis quæ gratia mundo.
Ingentes ſed pone animos, et reſpice quantis
E tenebris, in tam tranquillâ luce locaris,
Albion: anne parum, quod non horreſcimus hoſtis
Incurſus; quod non miſerâ prece poſcimus undas
Et littus ſervare fidem, et contraria velis
Flamina, nec timidis venturum Saxona votis
Auxilio petimus; quod verſis Gallia fatis
Quæ fuerat minitata, timet, flatuſque remiſit
Sobria; quod fractis adſcitus Cantaber armis
Dedidicit faſtus? — Quos Tu — ſed GEORGIUS iras
Martis, et inſanos voluit componere motus.
Conſiliumque ſacrum Muſa improbet? Illa ſed unde
Noſceret arcana imperii, mentemque profundam
Regis, et auguſtos ſecreto in pectore ſenſus!

Illam

GRATULATIO.

Illam nempe decet, ſtudiiſque odiiſque carentem,
Humanum lugere genus, bellique furores,
Parcentemque Orbi mandare in ſæcula Regem.
Nam quicunque tuas inceſſit vulnere ſedes,
Anglia, vult idem terris abrumpere Pacem,
Et miſcere polos: neque enim ludicra ciemus
Jurgia, tranſigimuſve levi certamina motu:
Sed noſter, juſtas prædonibus actus in iras,
Cum tandem movet arma Leo, ſive ultor Iberis,
Seu Gallis inferre minas parat, horret in antris
Oceanus, pulſuque pedum tremit ultima tellus.

D. Gaches, A. M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

I.

CHERUB of Bliſs, whoſe heav'nly ſway
Pleaſure's jocund Hoſts obey,
Parent of Joy, whoſe radiant charms
Huſh the din of rattling arms,
Deſcend, deſcend
In all thy honeſt grace confeſt,
Enrob'd in Liberty's majeſtic veſt:
Come, the Muſes choiceſt Friend,
Come, and wipe the ſtreaming tear,
Come, and check the burſting ſigh,
The Parent's Fear,
The Orphan's Cry;
Come, and on Albion's ſacred Plain
Diſpenſe the Fragrance of thy ſilver Train.

II.

II.

See! at thy Shrine
Science her drooping Head recline,
Deeply ſighing,
Ever crying,
"Around me fling thy foſt'ring ſhade;
Bid the bud of Genius blow,
Bid the ſtream of Fancy flow."
Lo! at thy Throne
Sits Commerce, with her ſuppliant Moan,
Deeply ſighing,
Ever crying,
"Deſcend, deſcend, Angelic Maid;
Come, thy Sweets around me ſpread,
Come, thy Dews around me ſhed;
Bid Fragrance ride on ev'ry loaded Gale,
And Plenty wanton in each laughing Vale.

III.

What tho' Britannia's tow'ring Spear
Has taught the haughty Gaul to fear;
What tho' Honour blaze around;
What tho' on Triumph's martial ſound
Her Enſigns riſe
O'er other Worlds in other Skies;
Spite of Honour blazing round,
Spite of Triumph's martial ſound,
Deep heaves the pitying ſigh,
And the big Tear rolls ſtarting from her eye.
'Tis Thine to crown the generous Flame,
Thine to compleat theſe Deeds of Fame;
For Thee the glorious acts were wrought,
The Patriot ſtruggled, and the Hero fought."

IV.

IV.

She hears, ſhe hears,
To GEORGE ſhe gives her ſacred Wand;
See! where ſhe lays it at his Hand,
And thus entruſts the Tutelary Cares:
"Go — thou Supreme, to whom is giv'n
This nobleſt Mark of fav'ring Heav'n;
Go — and with thee take along
Happineſs that flies the warring Throng;
Go — relieve the Muſe's Pray'r,
The dreary Waſte of War repair;
Go — be thine the great Employ
To ope the golden Fount of Joy;
Go — and o'er thy glad Domain
Bid the Sweets of Plenty reign.

V.

Go — ſearch for Fancy in ſome dread Retreat,
Where no rude Blaſt in chilling Whiſpers blows,
Where Silence holds her melancholy Seat,
And round her throws the Stillneſs of Repoſe:
There, in diſorder'd Beauty dreſt,
In Tears you'll find the frighted Fair;
No Zone confines her flowing veſt,
No knot her waving hair:
Hither bid the Nymph attend;
Go — her Guardian and her Friend,
Around her ſpread my genial Dew,
And bid new Beauties ripen to her view;
Haſte purſue this fate-appointed Plan,
The Boaſt of Albion, and the Pride of Man."

William Arnald, Scholar of St. John's College.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of BUTE.

LET happier Bards, whoſe labouring breaſts have known
Th' inſpiring Muſe, and tranſports not their own,
Whoſe rapid thoughts, like tow'ring Eagles, ſoar,
And eyes creation's ample bounds explore,
Awake, ariſe: why are they mute ſo long,
When themes of glory claim the grateful ſong?
O'er every clime, where ſprings the fount of day,
Or weſtern oceans quench the parting ray;
Where nearer ſuns the ductile ore mature,
Or hills the load of ſummer-ſnows endure;
Hath Britain's Genius ſtretcht his wide domain,
And faithleſs Gallia mourn'd her legions ſlain.
Who but hath ſeen the Trophies cheaply bought,
When Hawke hath conquer'd, and when Granby fought?
Who but hath heard how Wolfe untimely dy'd,
While Victory ſtood weeping at his ſide?
Haſte, haſte, ye Bards, and rapt to generous praiſe
Embalm the Heroe in immortal lays,
That diſtant times the wondrous tale may read,
And feel their ſouls inſpir'd by every deed,
When valour faints may catch the patriot flame,
And burn for glory at his godlike name:
Thus to ſome tomb the pious Pilgrim flies
Where in cold earth the ſaint or martyr lies;
Where Fancy paints the Virtues weeping round,
And Inſpiration guards the hallow'd ground;
There all entranc'd adores the ſacred ſhrine,
Till his rapt boſom burns with flames divine.

But ah ſuch themes ſo wondrous high demand
A Pindar's fire, a Pindar's voice, and hand:
Enough for me, thro' whoſe inglorious veins
The cold blood ſlowly creeps, in gentler ſtrains
To ſing returning Peace; nor Thou refuſe,
O Bute, this tribute of an humble Muſe!
Thou, whoſe example ſway'd the Royal Youth
To tread the paths of Virtue, and of Truth;
Whoſe early care deſtroy'd each noxious weed,
That luſt for glory, and ambition breed;
But fed the plants, deriv'd from Heav'n above,
Whoſe milder fruits are Peace, and Joy, and Love.

Driv'n from her loathſome cave in blackeſt hell,
Where torturing tortur'd fiends ſhe loves to dwell,
Up Diſcord roſe, and wrapt in ſhades of night
Wing'd to this weſtern world her baleful flight.
Her fiery eyeballs glar'd a ghaſtly blue,
And ſnaky locks dropt venom as ſhe flew;
Her face was filthy foul, and ſtain'd with gore
Her garments hung in rags; a brand ſhe bore
By Furies kindled, whence inceſſant fell
Infernal ſparks of fire unquenchable.
Thus long ſhe rag'd, and ſow'd thro' every ſtate
The ſeeds of faction, jealouſy, and hate;
With madding ſtorms of paſſion rackt the mind,
And let looſe wild Ambition on mankind.
But Thee, Germania, Thee ſhe chiefly choſe
Forlorn in duſt to ſit, and weep thy woes;
Thy comely viſage markt with many a ſcar,
And blaſted with the lightning brand of war;

Thy cities ſackt, thy holy ſhrines defil'd,
Thy heroes butcher'd, and thy virgins ſpoil'd!
Where are thy charms, O poor forſaken Maid,
Haraſs'd by foes, by lawleſs friends betray'd?
Thy dowry where? Lo, lo, the fruitful place
Is grown a barren, waſteful wilderneſs!
No more her fields, with golden harveſts crown'd,
Or fill'd with lowing herds, rejoice around;
Her hills no more their purple vines diſplay,
Whoſe ſwelling cluſters drink the ripening ray,
War, horrid War, extends his iron reign,
And dreary Deſolation ſweeps the plain!

Hail, Britain, hail, fair ſeat of arts, and arms,
Secur'd by Heav'n from Mars's fierce alarms!
No foreign foes can ſhake thy ſtedfaſt Iſle,
Impell'd by hatred, or allur'd by ſpoil;
While floating bulwarks guard thy trench, the main,
How vain their envy, and their rage how vain?
Hail Queen of Ocean, in whoſe placid eye
Smiles ſweet Content, and heav'n-born Liberty!
'Tis thine to hear, far diſtant from thy ſhore,
The ſmould'ring thunders of the battle roar,
And bleſs'd in Peace with Heav'n's beſt gifts abound,
While War's fierce tempeſts rend the nations round:
Thus on the Andes, that ſtupendous chain
Of hills, whence tumbling torrents pour amain,
The hardy traveller ſees, from Rica's brow,
The mad ſtorm gathering all its rage below,
And charg'd with nitre, down the mountain's ſide,
Impetuous thunders roll, and whirlwinds ride;

Dreadful they break, while he aloft enjoys
The calm ſerene of ſummer's evening-skies.
But not unmov'd Britannia's Monarch view'd
The ſtorm deſcend in ſtreams of chriſtian blood;
Tho' Juſtice ſmil'd, and o'er his fav'rite head
Her purple wings exulting Conqueſt ſpread,
His ſoul abhorr'd the ſight, and griev'd to buy
Fantaſtic glory at a price ſo high.
Curſt be the man, who firſt a ſlave to fame,
And the vain tranſports of a ſounding name,
Graſpt at imperial pow'r, unſheath'd the blade,
Made war an art, and murd'rous death a trade;
But doubly curſt, who lur'd by ſelfiſh views
The baleful art, and murd'rous trade purſues!
Far different ſchemes great GEORGE's care engage,
Rejoic'd to calm each faction's brutal rage,
In friendſhip's chain contending Kings to bind,
And pour the balm of concord on mankind.
To Britain's iſle what bleſſings Peace may bring
In homeſpun ſtrains full many a bard ſhall ſing:
My Muſe on fancy's eagle-pinion flies
To diſtant climes, where other ſuns ariſe;
Where groves of cedar wave, and trees unfold
Their dulcet ſtores of vegetable gold;
Where hills aſpire, beneath whoſe lofty heads
Her humble glories ſunborn Iris ſpreads;
And cataracts, ruſhing down the rocky ſteep,
Diffus'd in ſtreams thro' vaſt ſavannahs ſweep.
There unappall'd the tawny Indian roves
Thro' fragrant myrtle walks, and citron groves;

No poiſon'd arrow from the brake he fears,
No ſavage howl of war diſtracts his ears;
Secure he ſtrays, and 'midſt the conſcious ſhade
Sings amorous deſcants to his ſable maid.
O fair † Laurentia, o'er whoſe fertile plains
No ſcourge of Heav'n, no purple Tyrant reigns!
Bleſt clime, on whom propitious fortune ſmil'd,
When Britain choſe thee for her darling child!
Thy ſons no more ſhall darkling grope their way,
Or blindly follow reaſon's glow-worm ray;
With healing wings the Sun of truth ſhall riſe,
And light celeſtial beam from eaſtern skies;
The glorious Day-ſpring ſhall from high appear,
While Errour's ghaſtly phantoms ſhrink with fear.
Ev'n now methinks thy painted chiefs deſpiſe
Their pagan rites, and brutal ſorceries;
Nor prone on earth the thunder's voice adore,
Nor bow to Ketan's monſtrous idol more:
By pure Religion taught the ſacred road,
That leads thro' Nature's path to Nature's God,
The One Supreme with holy love they fear,
And all the Goſpel's wondrous truths revere;
On Faith's myſterious ſcale triumphant riſe
Like ſons of light, and claim their kindred skies:
Thus, Spenſer ſings, when Una, hapleſs maid,
Found a kind refuge in the green-wood ſhade,
A ſhaggy troop of Fauns, and Satyres came,
And gaz'd aſtonied on the beauteous dame:

† The country near the River St. Lawrence, — by Synecd. all Canada.

When

GRATULATIO.

When lo! her wit ſuch gentle force applies
To win them o'er from vain Idolatries;
From her bleſt lips ſuch holy doctrines flow,
The ſavage race with pure devotion glow;
Receive in tranſport her celeſtial lore,
And burn with heav'nly flames unfelt before.

James Scott, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College.

F I N I S.